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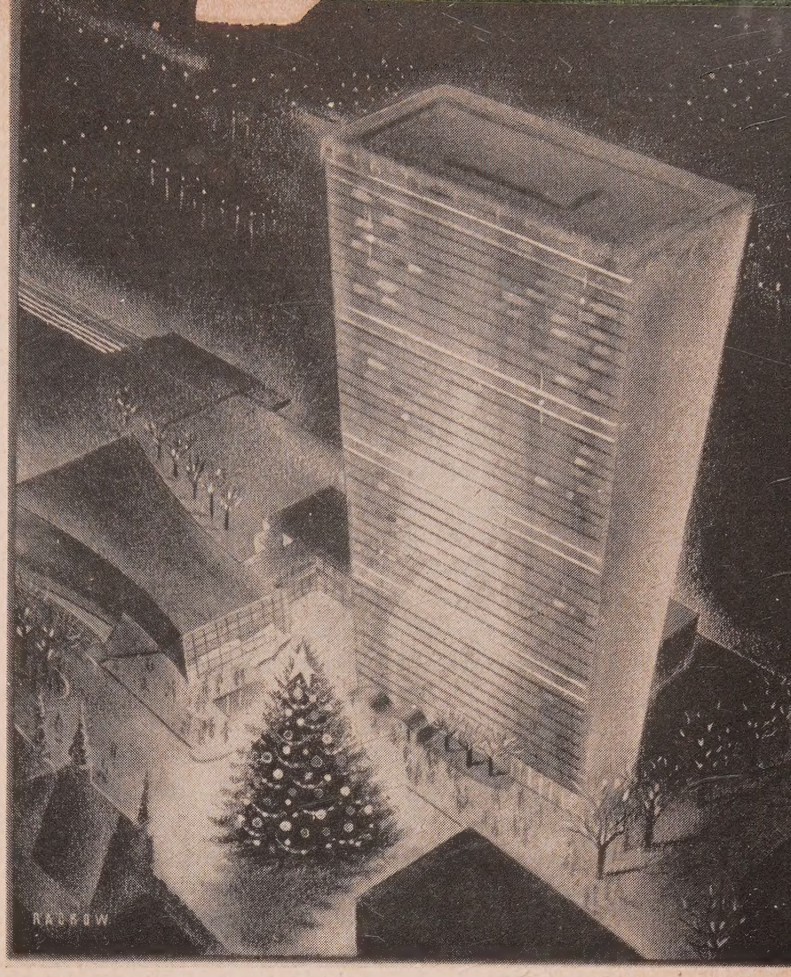

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319 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York

An Editorial

Isolation Is Dead

By THOMAS W. PHILLIPS, JR.
Chairman of the Board, United Nations World

WHEN Senator Taft declared recently that "only an idiot would be an isolationist today," he voiced a conviction that has become practically unanimous among thoughtful Americans, of all political persuasions. In recent years the inevitability of the close ties that must exist between the United States and the rest of the world has been brought home with telling impact to every man, and has found expression in the platforms of the major political parties.

This dynamic relationship is based on the Christian ideals of brotherhood, peace and goodwill—and not on any desire or ulterior purpose to conquer or oppress other peoples. For this cause Americans, side by side with men of other nations, are laying down their lives under the United Nations banner, in the bitter cold of the Korean hills. Their sacrifice is creating a bulwark for freedom in that part of the world.

America finds herself called to the leadership of a world the vast majority of whose peoples hate slavery and long for freedom. Her leadership is only partly economic, in a large measure it is spiritual. In many less fortunate countries men and women look upon the United States with admiration because of her immense productivity and her marvelous achievements in raising the standard of living of her citizens. They hope to learn from her the great lesson of how to create abundance.

Senator Taft is right when he implies that the United States' role in the international community can only be fulfilled by the constant exercise of mature thought and wise judgment, after careful examination by the Congress of the policies to be pursued at home and abroad. If the goal is to help extend the freedoms Americans enjoy to the rest of mankind, the beginning is to make sure that these freedoms are secure at home. On the strength and stability of the United States economy the destinies of men everywhere may well depend.

The farsighted and responsible leaders of America without exception recognize that this nation cannot live unto herself alone. Her continuing well-being is linked to the necessity for an ever-expanding world economy. The increasing production potential of America must seek expanding outlets in world trade—which will be impossible unless purchasing power and standards of living are raised in other countries.

This task can best be performed by encouraging and extending the free way of life which has resulted in prosperity here. Freedom is the great catalyst which releases the creative genius of human beings.

Today, in Europe and in Asia, those nations which believe in the principle of progress through freedom find themselves in stern competition with a Communist ideology which falsely promises the abundant life through submission to regimentation and slavery. People who are hungry and hopeless succumb readily to such promises, and learn they are dupes only when it is too late.

The challenge facing American leadership in the near future is three-fold:

1) To keep the United States' house in order, because only by sound fiscal and business policies, only by maintaining a stable yet free economy, will this nation be in a position to help save the rest of the world from totalitarianism.

2) To develop sufficient military strength for defense. Here, as Senator Taft indicates, a balance must be struck, by means of wise decisions, between a military expansion which represents positive defensive power, able to cope with any aggression, and one which would subject the United States economy to the strains of near-totalitarian controls. The United States dare not be weak. The next Congress therefore faces grave decisions on the size of the land, sea and air forces required for security, and how these can be maintained without an inflation which could prove disastrous.

3) To win by persuasion the hearts and minds of millions in other parts of the world who are now wavering between the rival philosophies of freedom and Communist totalitarianism. The answer is not confined to making huge loans to the underdeveloped countries, though help in the form of private investment may eventually be necessary. The chief need at present is the free exporting of American "know-how" in industry and agriculture, which will enable them to help themselves.

In the last two objectives, the United States need not act alone. Within the United Nations the other free countries must stand shoulder-to-shoulder with her. United States military power must indeed be great in the present time of crisis—but her position of strength is greatly enhanced by the United Nations General Assembly's recent adoption of the American plan for collective world security. The United Nations Technical Assistance Program for the underdeveloped countries is a potent force against the spread of Communism, which is the great threat of today.

The United States must not be expected to play a lone hand. Called as it is to assume a role of positive leadership in the world community, it must fulfill that function with prudence.

United Nations
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Contents, December 1950, Vol. 4, No. 12

ARTICLES

Guns for Germans 13 *Leo Lania*
The Last Call 17 *Paul Henri Spaak*
Russia's Men on Horseback 20 *David Cort*
The Credit Side 24 *Carlos P. Romulo*
The Most Beautiful Woman in the World 26 *Candide*

STATE OF THE WORLD

French and British Diplomatic Plans 4 *The Editors*
The Tide of Toys 10 *Erle Cocke, Jr.*

THE UNITED NATIONS

Big Mansavvy Talks Peace in Pidgin 29 *Laura Vitray*
UN—World Santa Claus 32 *A Picture Story*
The Delegates Laugh to See Such Fun 34 *Mac R. Johnson*
Ripples at Lake Success 28

SPECIAL SECTION ON BENELUX

Benelux Today and Tomorrow 40 *Edmond Jaspar*
Spokesmen for Benelux 42 *Willem Drees*
Joseph Pholien
Pierre Dupong
This He Left to the Dutch 44 *Laurentius N. Deckers*
The Port of Courage 47 *H. A. Udo de Haes*
The Dutch Against the Tide 48 *Jerome L. Heldring*
Parnassus in Amsterdam 50 *Benjamin Hunningher*
Little Roads and Rivers 52 *Donald Ballantine*
Belgium Wakes the Congo 54 *R. J. H. Collard*
Miracle of Belgium 57 *Maurice Heyne*
Grandeur, Pocket Edition 60 *H. R. Madol*
Three Flags—One Destiny 62 *The Editors*
Three Governments at a Glance 64 *A UN World Chart*

BOOKS

This Month's Books of the World *Atticus*

EDITORIAL

Isolation Is Dead 2 *T. W. Phillips, Jr.*

COVER

The Adoration of the Magi by Joos Van Ghent
Courtesy, Metropolitan Museum of Art

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Paris and London Prepare

Momentous Diplomatic Action

THE French and British cabinets are preparing in great secrecy an enlarged agenda for an eventual four-power conference. When the decisions are announced, they will create a major sensation on the international scene. Abandoning traditional diplomatic methods, Paris and London are thinking of a two-phase conference.

The first phase is to take place as soon as the four powers have agreed on the agenda. The second phase of the proposed four-power conference is to take place six or twelve months later—if the decisions of the first phase have been fulfilled.

The first part of the conference would discuss Austria, Germany, Japan, Korea, Indochina, China and perhaps even the outside aid being furnished to Malaya and Burma revolutionists. The second part, six or twelve months later, would take up on the one hand disarmament and control of atomic energy, and on the other hand international economic co-operation. Some diplomatic quarters are even thinking of a third phase which would deal with freedom of communications and persons, and the abolition of hostile propaganda between the two blocs.

Paris and London are convinced that it is impossible simply to reject the Russian demand for a four-power conference, as such rejection would be strongly condemned by public opinion in both countries and all over Western Europe. Furthermore, such rejection would also strengthen the Soviet and Eastern European Governments in their relationships with their own peoples.

The President of the French Republic, Mr. Vincent Auriol, a Socialist whose prestige with all political parties is constantly increasing, is particularly insistent that no opportunity, even the slightest, for a better understanding between East and West be allowed to slip by.

The Socialist Party, which is able to take the pulse of the working class better than any other of the component parties of the present coalition government, expressed itself as far back as July for a four-power conference. On the other hand, top diplomatic strategists of the two Foreign Offices know the pitfalls of a conference in which Russia will offer immediate withdrawal of all foreign troops from Germany—while the West will seem to be holding back.

Therefore, this time, Paris and London would like the West to wrest the initiative from the hands of the Soviet by presenting, at the start of the conference, an over-all Western Plan capable of arousing enthusiasm in world opinion.

The general lines worked out at this moment are the following:

1. A peace treaty with Austria, unconditional except for the requirement of guarantees against the return of fascism and militarism, and with no supplementary payments by Austria to Russia.
2. A German peace treaty providing for absolutely free elections under international supervision in the East and West zones, and for abolition of the Volkspolizei, or East German para-military police force.
3. A peace treaty with Japan along the lines defined by the Far Eastern Allied Council in Tokyo, with no nation to have a veto on the provisions of such a treaty.
4. Acceptance by the four powers of all United Nations decisions on Korea.
5. A four-power Indochina declaration against outside aid to rebel movements which might endanger peace in the Far East.
6. Recognition of, and cooperation with Communist China on the basis of the peaceful settlement of Far Eastern problems.

The French and British authors of the plan will suggest that the four powers publish simultaneously a communiqué announcing a second conference to deal with the problems of disarmament and atomic energy control, as a means of forestalling propaganda before the discussions begin.

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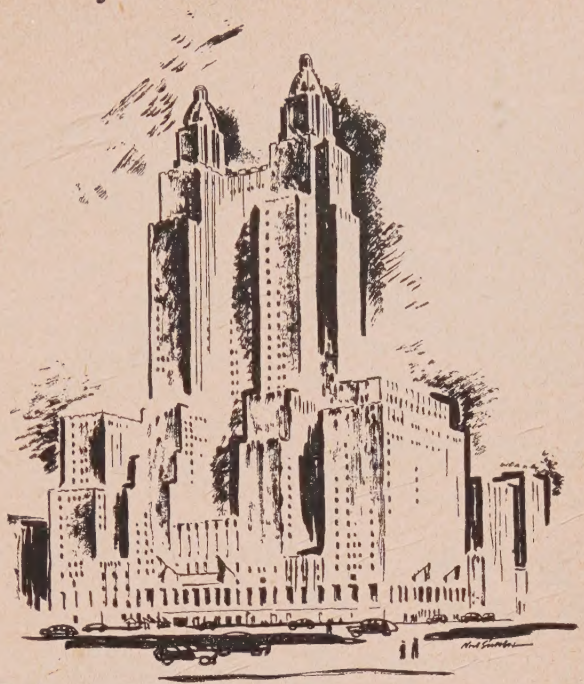

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SOW *continued*

Opposition to German Rearmament

THE French Government remains opposed to any rearmament of Germany. It has been variously hinted that Mr. Jules Moch's personal intransigeance was responsible for the French attitude, but that is completely wrong. Any French Defense Minister having the confidence of the present French parliament would act similarly. Unless new decisive steps toward the unification of Europe are made, France will not accept an independent German general staff. Within a united Europe, France does not fear Germany. In a disunited Europe the rebirth of a German army is regarded as a mortal danger to France.

While the overwhelming majority of French public opinion is opposed to German rearmament, the main opposition stems from the Socialist Party.

As a matter of fact, the two main opponents to German rearmament today are the French and German Socialist parties, but for entirely different reasons.

The French party is opposed to it because of the new threats to peace such rearmament would represent; because it would further divide the world; because it would impose ever-increasing armament upon France, which must rearm as much against a

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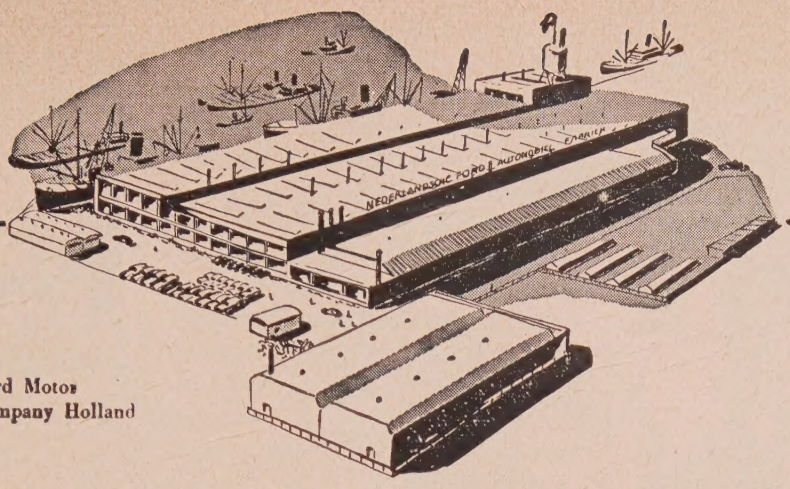

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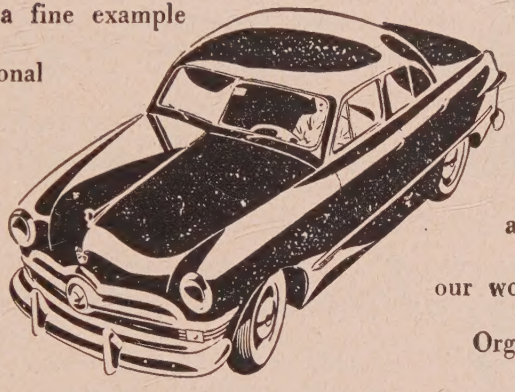

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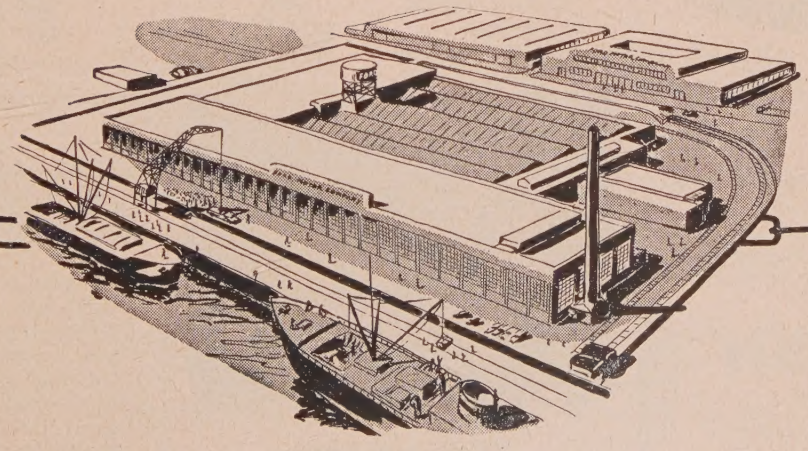

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SOW *continued*

German army as against any Soviet threat; and because it would create an atmosphere favorable to reaction throughout Europe. The French Socialist stand grows out of its internationalist democratic policy.

The German Socialist Party, on the contrary, is motivated to a great extent by nationalism. Under Mr. Schumacher's direction, the German Socialists follow the line of a "national independence and *equality*" policy for Germany. The German Social-Democrats are in some ways more intransigeant than Mr. Adenauer himself. They refuse to discuss any military program for Germany unless it is based on *absolute equality*. (For further analysis see page 13)

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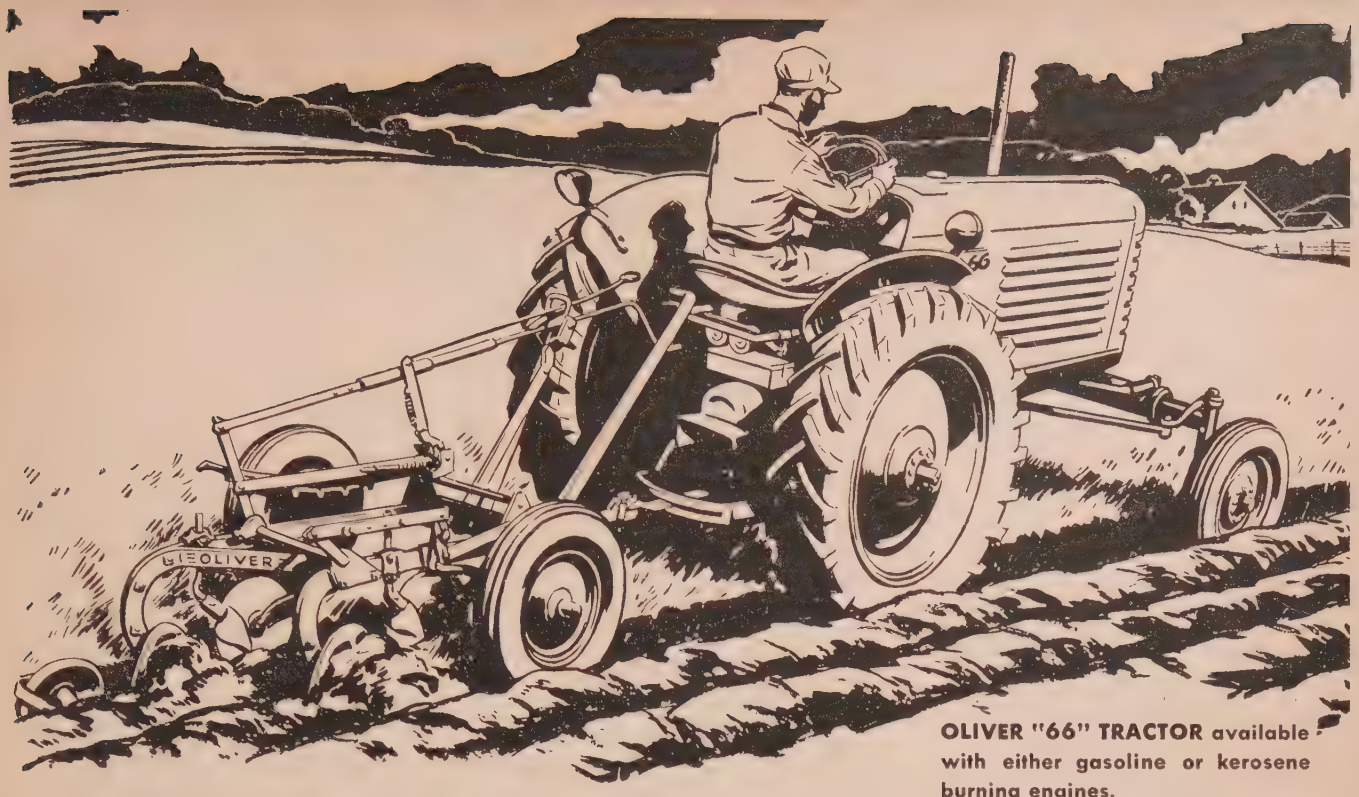

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The Tide of Toys

By ERLE COCKE, JR.

National Commander, The American Legion

A YEAR ago, almost on the spur of a moment, the American Legion called on its more than 17,000 Posts to collect toys in their towns to send to the children of war-ravaged Europe. Our Legionnaires took this plea to their townfolk and within one month after Christmas we were shipping three million toys abroad.

Most of these toys came from under the Christmas trees of American homes. They were the free gift of American children to the unfortunate youngsters of other nations. Our schools, department stores, police and fire departments and many others along America's Main Streets helped organize the collection and move the toys along. Railroads and ship lines gave free transportation.

It was a tremendous outpouring of American good will, almost without example as a huge, spontaneous expression of friendship. The American Legion, CARE and ECA saw that these millions of toys were given into the hands of needy children, many of whom had never in their lives owned a single toy, in Israel, Italy, Greece, Yugoslavia, France, Belgium, the Netherlands, England, Scotland, Norway and Germany.

Millions of the toys we sent last year carried messages to their European recipients, such as this note from little Sally Hall of Charleston, West Virginia:

"With this doll go my best wishes for your happiness. If there were some way for all of us to play together now, I'm sure that some day the world could really be one big happy family. That's what we all want, isn't it?"

Since then, the American Legion alone has been asked to forward upward of 50,000 letters of gratitude from European children to the American children who gave the toys. We do not know, and we never shall know, how many similar expressions were mailed directly to the American children who gave. We know of many instances in which steady correspondence has grown up between American children and European children as a result of our Tide of Toys.

This is understanding between nations in its simplest, most sincere and most human form.

The parents and guardians of European children who received our gifts were touched to the heart by our attention to their little ones, whom they have seen suffer—so blamelessly and so unavoidably—in the turmoil of recent history.

Our National Commander last year, George N. Craig of Indiana, and columnist Drew Pearson, snatched the idea of Tide of Toys "out of a hat" at a luncheon only a few days before Christmas. Within a few weeks Tide of Toys was improvised and concluded, with a degree of response that was unbelievable for such an impromptu program.

This year we will repeat the Tide of Toys. American Legion Posts will initiate action in thousands of towns shortly after Christmas. We have every reason to expect that we will be able to send many more toys than we did last year to unfortunate children all over the world.

No matter how many toys America gives, The American Legion, CARE and ECA stand ready to receive them and to distribute them where they will say, more eloquently than any words can, what is in the heart of the American people.

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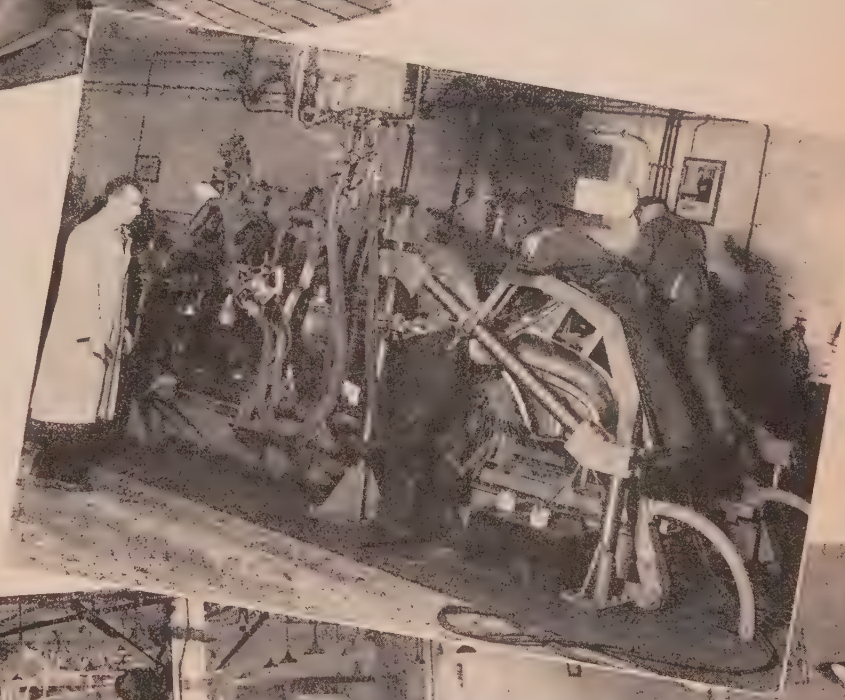

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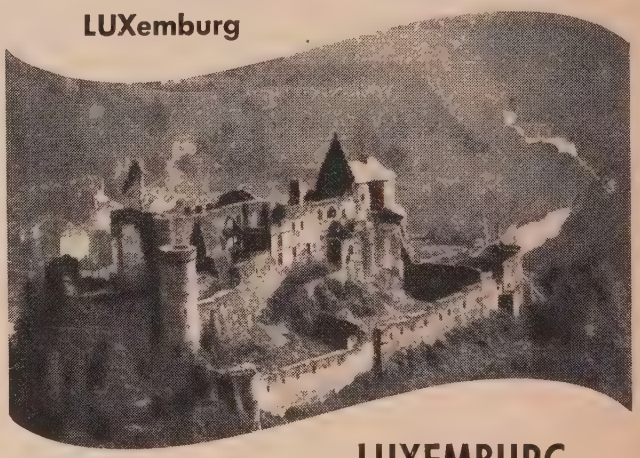

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United Nations
WORLD

To break the deadlock in the debate on arming Germany Leo Lania asks the decisive questions: Do the Germans themselves want guns? Are they Western enough to die for the West?

Guns for Germans — But Which Germans?

By LEO LANIA

The author has just returned from a four-month tour of Western Germany where as a "visiting expert" he delivered a series of lectures in the "America Houses" under the sponsorship of the Educational Branch of HICOG.

AMERICAN public opinion has been increasingly irritated by France's opposition to using the German soldier for the defense of the West. The French opposition seems particularly suicidal since, without the Germans, the Western defenses are still pitifully inadequate to meeting the only conceivable "enemy." The American insistence on a German army is primarily based on an all too vivid memory of the fighting qualities of the Nazi armies and a dream of turning these same fighting qualities to a better use. The Germans make too good soldiers, it is said, to be ignored.

Unfortunately, this dream forgets the ancient military axiom that soldiers are no better than their morale, i.e., their reasons for fighting. It would seem therefore that, whatever France may think about a German army, it is relevant to examine what Germany thinks about a German army.

The astonishing fact is that most of the German people do not want to fight. And the remainder, who do, are not at all the kind of Germans that the West could use. As the Paris *Monde* said, "Today the real problem is not German militarism but German pacifism."

This pacifism springs from a number of very different roots and takes some strange forms.

The young people, between 18 and 23, are the only Germans who feel the simple idealistic love of peace familiar to Americans, English or French. Contrary to their elder brothers, who saw in militarism a romantic promise, and are today the "lost generation" of Germany, they see in militarism only a dreadful fiasco. At this moment in time they are confused but decent human ma-

Guns for Germans *continued*

terial, sympathetic toward the ideals of democracy but appalled by present realities.

The most popular attitude of the petty bourgeois, the "apolitical" middle classes, is: "Since the Americans destroyed the German Army, it is up to them to defend Germany." Disclaiming all responsibility, they blame the Western Powers for all the consequences of World War II. Stupid and hypocritical as is this kind of pacifism, it must be taken into account.

The most formidable opposition to Chancellor Adenauer's program comes from two other groups, antagonistic in other things but allied against remilitarization. These are the Evangelical Lutheran Church and the Social Democratic Party.

Pastor Martin Niemoeller, one of the spiritual leaders of the anti-Nazi resistance and today head of the Confessional Church, accused Adenauer last October of making secret preparations for a German army. This was dismissed as the outcry of a lone idealist. But a few days later Dr. Otto Dibelius, Berlin head of the Evangelical Church and probably the most powerful churchman in Germany, joined Niemoeller in addressing a huge Protestant rally in Frankfort. Together the two ministers served notice on the Bonn Government that the Church would oppose rearmament uncompromisingly.

Adenauer was forced to answer Niemoeller. He explained that Graf von Schwerin, his security adviser, was only exploring "eventual" German participation in Western defense and recruiting 400 reliable soldiers as a special guard for the Chancellory and Parliament. This explanation did not satisfy even Adenauer's Minister of the Interior, Herr Heineman. As a Protestant, he said, he was morally obliged to follow Niemoeller and Dibelius, and resigned. The political ferment grew and demanded another victim. Chancellor Adenauer gave General von Schwerin not quite three hours to submit his resignation and clear his desk in Bonn's newly decorated Palais Schaumburg.

Some understanding for the Protestant position may be had by the realization that, for the first time since Prussia became paramount in Germany, Catholics rule Germany. For most of the Protestants are now in Eastern Germany under Soviet rule. As a minority in Western Germany, the Protestants describe Adenauer as "the Vatican's handy-man" and hope for a miracle that will reunite with Western Germany the Protestants who are now no more than hostages and cannon-fodder for the Kremlin. In this circumstance it is easy for them to think of the defense of the West as the defense of Catholicism.

Dr. Kurt Schumacher, the leader of the Social Democrats arrives at his brand of pacifism on the basis of general nationalistic resentment. As a condition of German rearmament he demands "an end to the occupation statute, an end of Allied economic controls, an equal status, as the only positive premises for German remilitarization."

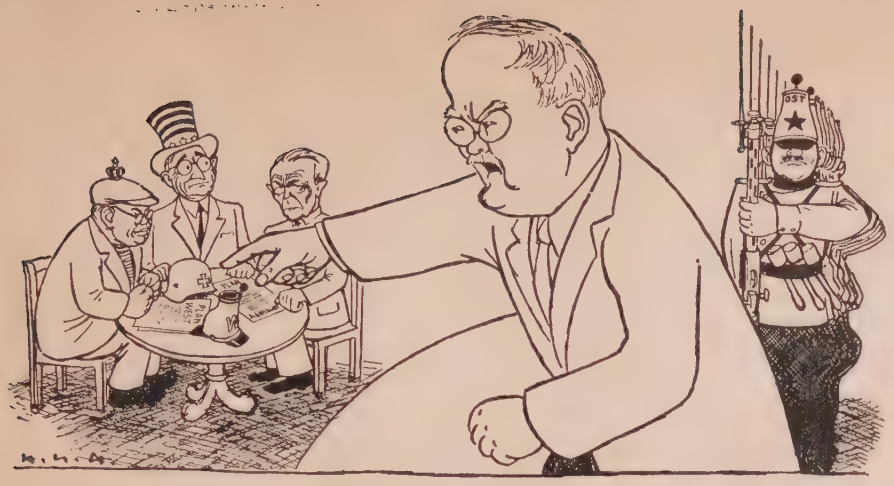
This policy of using German manpower as a bargaining pawn leads him further to ask that "as a prerequisite, Allied forces powerful enough to check any invasion be sent into Germany."

The acceptance of this thesis by the rank-and-file comes, not from a prevalence of Schumacher's hysteria, but from a fear that rearmament would bring to power the same generals and General Staff Corps officers who have always been the most dangerous foes of German democracy in the long run.

Thus, the final surprise is that the pacifists also number many of the most influential officers of the old professional army. Colonel-General Franz Halder, one of their most respected spokesmen, dismissed by Hitler for opposing the Führer's grand strategy, stands as a symbol of the "glorious" past before the triumph of the Nazi riff-raff. Yet here is what Halder has to say:

"The danger of a Russian invasion can be, if not eliminated, at least diminished by a strong police and the determination to resist Communism. . . . The political actions of the Communists are dictated by military strategy. This is a military problem but it cannot be solved by military means alone."

The Last Course
(*De Groene Amsterdammer, Amsterdam*)



Molotov: "You've no right to arm Germany. That's our monopoly!"
(Die Weltwoche, Zurich)

Halder asks for a police force recruited from among men who have been Russian prisoners-of-war. "A General Staff," he said, "is not needed for such a task. . . . The imminent conflict is primarily a matter of domestic policy. The Army, which is basically an instrument of foreign policy, is not suited to cope with such a situation."

The impossibility and perils of an "overnight Army" were summarized by Halder as follows:

"The Chancellories have allowed the situation to deteriorate to the point where they clamor for a German military contribution under the slogan 'at the latest yesterday.' That way one does not build an army, but only a foreign legion. Even a small army needs at least three to four years before it can become a reliable military instrument. . . . German legions may become a grave political danger."

And as an example he reminded Germans that after 1918 General von Seeckt had to disband the German legions in the Baltic states and Silesia before he could build the Reichswehr of 100,000 men.

"The overwhelming majority of our people no longer want to become soldiers. The least disposed to join an army are the young men. It is different with the older men who were trained in peacetime and are still proud of their military tradition, but these men are not interesting. . . . The general situation is not as dangerous as it may seem. The Russians are not ready for war. The People's Democracies politically and militarily are not ready either. We have time to build in Western Germany the political resistance against Communism which will ultimately frustrate Soviet strategy."

But there is another group of officers with whom we leave the ranks of pacifism and join the open advocates of rearmament. This is the *Bruderschaft* or Brotherhood, which was born during the war in a British prisoner-of-war camp.

The first group was formed among the members of the elite SS division "Great-Germany." Working as a secret organization under the nose of the Occupation, it recruited a following among the labor battalions working for the British in Schleswig-Holstein. Before the occupation authorities discovered the existence of the Brotherhood, it had cells all over Western Germany. It had established contact with the extreme Right parties and the Strasser movement. (Strasser is a renegade Nazi who escaped after Hitler had his brother killed in 1934, and now lives in Canada.)

The Brotherhood is not dismayed by paradoxes. On one hand, it claims contacts with General de Gaulle. On the other, it sent a "loyal" message to the Communist-sponsored congress in Prague of the International Association of the Victims of Fascism. This message swore to the Brotherhood's strict neutrality in the Cold War.

The leaders of the Brotherhood are:

General Hasso von Manteuffel, former commander of the SS division "Great-Germany", tank specialist and wearer of the diamonds to the Knights' Cross. The chairman in charge of organization is Major Helmut Beck-Broichsitter, former aide to General Manteuffel. The third in this triumvirate is a former high SS offi-

Schuman: "I would take his muzzle off, but I remember how he bit us!"
(Ici Paris, Paris)

Guns for Germans *continued*

cer, Alfred Franke-Grieksch. He is the most enigmatic of the three. After the murder of Roehm and Gregor Strasser in 1933, he escaped with Otto Strasser to Prague, but returned to Germany in 1934. He became a member of Himmler's staff and is supposed to have been a Gestapo agent under the name of "Hildebrand." Recently a certain Otto Giessler demanded his indictment for crimes against humanity. The Attorney General of Bielefeld demanded an inquiry into these accusations which have been backed up by former members of Otto Strasser's "Black Front." They declare that Franke-Grieksch had delivered his former comrades to the fangs of the Gestapo and that he was rewarded for this betrayal with the appointment as an SS officer.

The General Doth Protest

It is therefore understandable that General Manteuffel does not want to be regarded as an "official" member of the "Brotherhood." He insists that he has only "strong sympathy" with the aims of the organization. But the investigation into the past of Himmler's collaborator did not prevent the Brotherhood a few weeks ago from dropping its secrecy and constituting itself publicly. The group appointed officers for terms ranging from seven years to life, elected Major Beck-Broichsitter as chairman and pledged itself to carry out a program for the formal re-creation of a "pure-bred German army," designed to serve in the interests of European defense and with German representation on a European general staff. The "Brothers" demanded that Germany be given full sovereignty before it contributed manpower to Western defense and that all German soldiers still imprisoned for war crimes be immediately released.

According to latest information there seem to exist two different political trends in the Brotherhood. The chairman, Beck-Broichsitter, wants to orient the organization towards the west, while Franke-Grieksch declares that "The Latins and Anglo-Saxons after the French Revolution ceased to mould European history. The Slavs and the Germans are destined to create a new revolutionary order. The Prussian eagle and the Russian bear are the symbols of a new Europe. Dialectical materialism in its modern form is a synthesis of Idealism (German) and Materialism (Russian.)"

The extreme rightist parties under the leadership of men like former Major-General Otto Remer who on the 20 of June 1944, after the unsuccessful attempt on Hitler's life, played a major part in suppressing the rebellion in Berlin, Fritz Dorls and Hedler of the Socialist Reichs party, Alfred Loritz, "the new Hitler" whose nefarious activities were described in UNW of March 1950, are strong backers of the Brotherhood. They agree more with the Eastern than with the Western orientation.

The *Suddeutsche Zeitung* in Munich, one of the most widely read dailies, is leading an admirable fight against this "danger from the right." The *Muenchener Neue Illustrierte* was rewarded for its relentless exposures of the Brotherhood with a steadily mounting circulation. "We do not want Pieck and Grotewohl [Communist bosses in Eastern Germany] but neither do we want Remer, Hedler, Manteuffel *et al* to continue their criminal activities under the protection of the democratic police." This statement has found a strong echo in the hearts of millions of Germans.

The Case for a German Army

Yet there is no use denying that in view of the real threat of Soviet imperialism and on account of the recent events in Korea the building of a military force for the defense of Western Europe has become a vital necessity. It would be incautious to rely too much on General Halder's optimism. In the defense of Western Europe Germany, of course, must play a part. Since the Russians have a well armed *Volkspolizei* in the eastern zone, the western powers have no other choice but to ask the Germans in the west to meet this threat not only spiritually but also by joining the Allies in their military preparations.

It is sad that the West has a problem of defense. It is sad that the Germans must join in this defense, but it is certainly inevitable, whether or not it disturbs the French.

But the West's dream of a revival of only the fighting qualities in the German soldier is foredoomed to disillusionment. The old mystical German will-to-war is indeed a-march again today, but it is looking for its comrades to the East. The only real friends that the West now has in Germany are the pacifist youth between 18 and 23.

If there is to be a German army it must be the strangest ever seen in Germany, an army of pacifists. But the preference for peace and the resort to war as a last resort have been characteristics of many great armies of the past and present, such as those of the United States, Great Britain and France.

The German soldier cannot again be encouraged to become a professional living spiritually outside the German community and beyond the jurisdiction of civilian courts. A recruiting of "military-minded" Germans will merely produce an irresponsible legion of adventurers and mercenaries ready at any time to sell out to the highest bidder, which will inevitably be the USSR. If the West does not give careful thought to the states of mind within Germany today and the necessary controls for a new German army, it will rue the day it ever dreamed of giving the guns back to the Germans.

It is sad to say that so far neither the Western Powers nor the Bonn Government have shown the necessary awareness of the complexity of this problem. This lack of political understanding and foresight on their part jeopardizes the defense of Western Europe far more than the many technical and organizational questions which now divide the Defense Ministers of France and the United States.

This inspiring article by one of the great leaders of Europe comes at a moment when the Consultative Assembly of the Council of Europe is meeting in Strasbourg. It will either carry out Mr. Spaak's conception of unity or accentuate Europe's decline.

The Last Call

By PAUL HENRI SPAAK

At this writing, I am making a brief tour of Europe. I am visiting Scandinavia, London, Italy, France and Germany. All these places are linked together. In each I am concerned with the *European* problem. I am trying, within the limits of my capabilities, to contribute towards the building of a Western Europe on new bases.

In the course of this pilgrimage, sometimes I meet people who are already convinced or who are either interested or openly sceptical and hostile; but more often than not, I encounter indifference.

I have finally come to this conclusion—that first of all I must begin my propaganda by convincing people that there *is* a European problem. I must prove that Western Europe, so rich in tradition, so powerful for so many centuries of our history, is on the wane. I must also establish that the various countries which compose Western Europe are by *themselves*, individually, unable to resolve a number of difficult problems which face them. The task is not a simple one, because it involves not only the pointing out but the fixing of people's attention on a problem which is outside the scope of their daily preoccupations. To speak of a waning civilization creates a strong effect of trying to drag people into a philosophical realm of pure speculation.

Nevertheless, it is a fact that Europe at this moment is in full decline. For twenty-five centuries of history, it was from Athens, from Rome, from Madrid, from Paris, from London that civilization radiated. It was there that one found strength—political, military, economic. It was from there that the treasures of the intellect and arts were diffused throughout the world. Today, the simple reading of daily papers shows us that this is no longer so. The seat of international and financial life is in the United States. The true centers of our lives are Washington and Moscow. It is in these two places that decisions are made which affect our very lives. This is the truth which our daily experience teaches us. A little deeper study of the problems indicates the cause.

For the past fifty years the economic strength of the United States has grown and become fantastic; for thirty years the USSR has seen her power grow. During the same years, the forces of Europe, while still impressive, nevertheless slowly declined. Statistics do not permit any illusion in this regard. Of course, the phenomenon can be explained by finding various causes, accusing two cruel wars—the fact, however, cannot be denied.

One cannot deny that since the beginning of the century, the balance of payments of Europe towards the US has swung more and more to the deficit side of the ledger.

The annual deficit, still small before the first World War, $400,000,000, attained, after the second war, the frightening proportions of almost $3,000,000,000.

Nonetheless, say the optimists, Europe continues to live. The standard of living in certain countries has even risen. How can that apparent contradiction be explained? I think that the answer is simple, and that by analyzing things a bit, without however changing their nature, one may state that Europe could not have surmounted her difficulties since the end of the war, save for the assistance rendered by the US.

Many people think that the Marshall Plan is a novelty in the relations between the US and Europe. They are wrong. The Marshall Plan, in reality, is only the last manifestation of a policy that the US has had toward Europe since 1918. Throughout the period between the two wars the US loaned, gave or invested more than $100,000,000 in Europe, of which hardly $20,000,000 was repaid and $80,000,000 swallowed in our misfortunes.

During the second world war and since, the US intervened in favor of Europe by means of lend-lease, UNRRA, by a series of important loans, and as if that were not sufficient to reestablish our affairs, by Marshall aid, which by itself, during its first two terms rose to more than nine billion dollars.

The optimistic or presumptuous European should ask himself this question: "What would have happened to Europe if this American aid had not been forthcoming?" The foreseeing European should ask himself this question: "What will happen to Europe should this help stop?"

For me the answer is clear—without the aid of the US, since 1945, we in Europe should have experienced a catastrophic situation, and undoubtedly we would not have been able to succeed, in the misery and chaos which would have poured down on us, in avoiding the development of communism.

If communism has not spread to the shores of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, it is only to American assistance that we can attribute it. But is this assistance to be eternal? Nothing is less sure. It imposes a great financial and fiscal burden on the Americans. It may well be that following certain developments the policy of the United States in regard to Europe may be modified, and we may find ourselves brusquely faced with the cruel and dangerous necessity of lowering our standards of living. Is it wise to allow our fate to depend on the understanding and generous attitude of another? I do not believe so. Is it worthy of Europe? I do not believe this either.

Yes, there *is* a European problem. To resolve it, all that is needed is a little foresightedness and daring.

We Europeans would be wrong to show an exaggerated pessimism. Is it forbidden to us to dream of an economic development for Europe equal to that which the United States experiences? I don't think so. A comparison of the wealth and possibilities of the two worlds is not so completely to our disadvantage.

To the 140 million Americans we can easily oppose more than 200 million Western Europeans. The territory of the United States is vast, but it is not larger than the lands at our disposal, particularly when one takes into account our possessions in Africa or Asia. The United States is rich in raw materials. It has a varied climate and numerous types of production. Is it so different from a Europe which extends from Stockholm to Ankara; where one can hunt for whales in the North and grow oranges in the South.

Well then, from what does the difference in economic development between the two worlds stem? Why should one grow in its economic and political strength by leaps and bounds, while the other is so pedestrian that it even tends to decline?

The Glaring Truth

The answer to this important question is so simple that one is a bit hesitant to voice it—but there is nothing to preclude the thought that solutions to great problems are relatively easy to find.

In the United States the exploitation of all the wealth is within a single country, within the confines of a single boundary, with one market, one currency, one economy. In Europe, there are fifteen countries, fifteen boundaries, fifteen markets, fifteen currencies, fifteen economies. It would seem that on one side all natural obstacles which might impede rational development were suppressed, while, on the other they were deliberately built up.

Give Europe the same conditions which exist in the United States, and it is my conjecture that nothing will prevent the same results from being obtained. Our workers are not less able than their American comrades; our businessmen are not less competent than their American counterparts; our inventors are not less daring or imaginative.

But let us continue to humor each European country, isolated, disposing of a ridiculous internal market to a few million inhabitants, creating competition within themselves by the most artificial means—tariff laws, contingencies, restrictions of all kinds—creating new and useless industries, and at the same time trying to compete with the American giant, and our fate is sealed.

Perhaps not right away. Nobody believes that our decline will be total, nor will it be precisely immediate. It may be prolonged over dozens and dozens of years, and it is that fact, moreover, which constitutes our greatest danger.

To assure a better future certain sacrifices must be made. It may even be necessary to sacrifice some legitimate interests in order to insure a better and more solid balance later.

Steps have been taken in this direction. The Council of Europe exists. Suggested at the Hague Congress, prepared by the governments who signed the Brussels Treaty, it became a reality in August 1949, when its two organs, the Council of Ministers and the Consultative Assembly met for the first time in Strasbourg.

But, is it equipped to fulfill its task? In my opinion, no! As it is conceived, it can only serve as a meeting place for the delegates of the various parliaments; and its only power, that of making recommendations, which the Council of Ministers may or may not take into consideration, is insufficient. This opinion is shared by a large number of delegates to the Consultative Assembly. Means of modifying the institution are being sought. To this task are opposed those impatient ones who seek to create a true European federation immediately. Those who realize the complexity of the problems, the hesitations and reluctance of certain countries, sanction the slowest and most flexible methods. Only the latter can succeed, because only they take into account the facts.

The Consultative Assembly which met in Strasbourg in late November ostensibly had on its agenda the European army, the Schuman plan, the development of the assembly itself. But at this moment of history, it is quite evident that beyond discussions of details the entire future of Europe is at stake.

PAUL HENRI SPAAK

PAUL HENRI SPAAK has been a leader in almost every effort to secure peace in recent times. As Belgium's Premier and Foreign Minister he helped to found the Council of Europe in January 1949. When the Council, whose object is the unification of Europe, held its first meeting in August 1949 he was chosen to be its president. He headed Belgium's delegation to the San Francisco Conference in 1945 and to the UN General Assembly from 1946 to 1948, and was President of the General Assembly's first session, in 1946. He served in the Belgian Cabinet almost continuously from 1935 to 1949 when his government was defeated in the dispute over the return of King Leopold.

Russia's Men on Horseback

By DAVID CORT

LARGE numbers of armed men do not in themselves constitute a threat of war. The threat always resides in the brains behind the armies. In view of this axiom, it is difficult to understand the indifference of the world press to the peculiar character of the Soviet officer corps, which is our subject here.

It is true that the moral tone of Russia is set by the civilian Communist bureaucrats. They are still careful to wear their mussed sack suits when they review Moscow parades from Lenin's Tomb, and their great mansions are hidden from the proletariat behind stone walls. In a state where aristocratic ostentation is a fatal sin, the party bureaucracy may be called a "surreptitious aristocracy."

But there is nothing surreptitious in the comportment of the Soviet armed forces and their officer corps. The Russian officer is not required to dissemble his status as a member of a truly superior elite.

A Russian general officer wears a dark blue serge coat, often tailored in a Western capital, with scarlet velvet cuffs and collar overlaid with gold filigree oak leaves and huge board epaulettes edged in red and trimmed with gold lace frillwork. The collar is high and tight with embroidered gorget patches. A scarlet stripe runs down the seam of the flared breeches. Golden spurs dress up the black l ather riding boots, one of which is slapped by the scabbard of a saber with a silver and ivory hilt and a red tassel. The buttons of the coat are gold, embossed with the Soviet seal. The belt is of cloth of gold. The blouse is double-breasted to make room for two rows of the gold buttons and an ample area for the display of the numerous Soviet military decorations. The general's cap has a blue top, a scarlet band and a gold-embroidered visor. It displays the gold hammer and sickle framing an enameled red star.

A Soviet general today has six such uniforms heavy with gold braid, colored velvet, enamel, polished leather and cloth of gold. (An officer in the plutocratic US is limited to two uniforms, one dress, one field.)

In contrast to a democratic world in which generals make a point of affecting worn battle jackets, berets, old boots and an unberibboned chest, the Russian officer is the peacock of the world.

The irony becomes entirely preposterous if one remembers that the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917 was largely motivated by the peasants' and workers' disillusioned hatred for "the man on horseback," the Czarist officer who whipped his men and on occasion shot them down. The original Red Army had no permanent ranks, no titles, no insignia. Off-duty saluting and standing at attention were abolished in the first order of the Petrograd Soviet in 1917. Commanders were elected by the ranks and were obliged to consult their men on tactics and strategy.

Even at the time this was sheer dialectic absurdity, for Imperial Army officers numbered fully 76 per cent of the gentlemen commanding the Workers' and Peasants' Red Army. The proletarian affectation was of course modified over the years. By 1940 Stalin had revived the old Czarist titles for general officers and reinstated off-duty saluting of officers. But suspicion of the professional soldier was still a basic article of Soviet faith and the professional soldier's life was haunted by the political commissar.

The last traces of this policy were drowned in the flood-tide of the Nazi armies' advance into European Russia in 1941. In those black months, the morale slogans of Communist mysticism were a total flop at the grim business of winning victories. Tested in the fire of what men are willing to die for, Communism may be said to have been extinguished in the summer and autumn of 1941. It has been established since then,

though the Russians certainly prefer to forget it, that Soviet Russia was falling apart during that time, especially in the Ukraine. Some observers have even proposed that had the Germans thrown flowers and chocolate from their tanks they might have conquered Russia.

At some point in this debacle, Stalin effectually scrapped Communism and handed Russia over completely to what Mr. Nehru of India calls the "military mentality." Confronted

VASILEVSKY, now 53, is Minister of Armed Forces. A Marshal and a Hero of the Soviet Union, he was formerly Russia's chief of staff.

RUSSIAN GOOSESTEP, here seen executed by the Vilna garrison, is very snappy but not quite as high-stepping as the German version.

GENERAL'S SABER is held at attention by Marshal Rodion Yakovlevich Malinovsky, also a Hero of the Soviet Union, at a parade.

with extinction, Russia began very seriously to fight for its life with the frankly "military mentality" of a drowning man going down for the third time. In the clanging inferno of extermination and utter despair, like a Custer given a few more hours to reconsider his original proposition, Stalin ordered his generals to put full reliance on more ancient battle-cries than proletarian solidarity: love of Mother Russia, hatred of the enemy and the fear of the commander.

The new battle-cries miraculously worked, as Stalingrad still remembers. The non-ideological discipline in the Red Army had become by 1943 so ruthless that a captured Russian major was literally unable to understand the Germans' amazement that his overrun unit had not surrendered. "Surrender?" he said contemptuously to his German interrogators. "In the Russian Army there are many worse things than death." He meant that the Russians often punished the families of common soldiers as well as officers known to have surrendered. He himself was not especially glad to be alive.

The Russian soldier's performance with this inspiration is sufficiently well-known. But the successful formula for victory hypothecated an ever-mounting prestige and authority for the professional officer.

It might be supposed that, with the victory won, Stalin would have cut down the authority of the officer corps. But in the event military discipline was not relaxed after the war. In fact, it was still further tightened. In the postwar peacetime, Soviet officers were ordered by military regulations to "deal harshly" with any lapse in the strictest discipline. The present Russian manual reads as follows: "The order of the commander is law for the subordinate. The order must be fulfilled without question, literally and at once." The Russian GI is drilled in "a spirit of absolute obedience" and "precise execution" of his officer's orders. US Army officers were amazed during the occupation of Berlin to see Soviet Army colonels beating their men with canes. They were still more

Russia's Men on Horseback *continued*

amazed to learn that these officers were often the most popular with their men, who preferred a beating to the embarrassment of a tirade or the paper-work of a court-martial.

The Americans would have been still more amazed had they known, as few did, that the Russian officers had the legal right in peacetime, "in an emergency, when there is no time to spare," to put a bullet in the head of an insubordinate inferior. Any GI is familiar with the very loose definition that can be given the words "insubordination" and "emergency." A dead Russian soldier has the satisfaction of knowing, however, that his superior must report the incident to higher authority at the earliest opportunity, "through channels."

Trappings of Power

This degree of personal power cuts two ways. It has its effect on the masses subject to it, but it also has its pervasive psychological force on the man who exercises the power. And Stalin has been at pains to give the Soviet officer corps, not only the reality, but the trappings of power.

The Soviet Army, for example, has two higher ranks of general officers than even the rank-proud Nazi Army. Generals of tank and mechanized divisions do not ride inside the tanks, but prance about on high-spirited horses as if leading a charge into the teeth of Napoleon's cuirassiers. Though Russia has a shortage of expert craftsmen in metal, it has assigned to one arsenal in the Urals the sole duty of turning out sabers for all officers. The saber is cherished by the officers to such a degree that some rank-conscious airmen even carry their sabers in the cockpit of their plane when they take to the air. Even retired officers have the right to wear their uniforms with epaulettes, so that they can be distinguished from the mass of proletarian civilians. A Soviet GI is not permitted to answer his superior with a simple "Yes, sir" or "No, sir." Instead of "Yes" he must say "Tak tochne" or "Precisely so." "No," instead of a simple "Nyet," becomes "Nikak Nyet" or "Certainly not, by no means."

There is hardly a traditional pomp of militarism not now employed by the Soviet armed forces. When the faculty and students of the Zhukovsky Air Academy parade past Lenin's Tomb in the Red Square, they strut in a version of the old German goose-step, crashing their boots in unison against the pavement in the step that has become for the rest of the world the burlesque of militarism. And at the head of the Russian column there will be one of the most magnificent military bands in the world, stirring the blood and hammering home the time of the march with crashing drum-beats. And at the head of the band will fly a version of the German *Schellenbaum*, the belled and horse-tailed standard borrowed from the Germans who copied it from the Roman standard of the legions.

These frequent parades certainly help to give the Russian civilian an unforgettable picture of the military man as the hero, the more-than-ordinary man. In Russia, as elsewhere, the crowds enjoy the suffusing mob emotion of a parade, where war seems for the moment a splendid victory over all enemies, unmarred by blood and logistics.

The other great reminder of glory, the military medal, is not neglected. Soviet officers and men wear more medals than any other service in the world. When a decorated man gets a new citation, however, he does not receive a leaf or star to add to the original ribbon. Instead, he wears a whole new medal. A winner of the Gold Star automatically gets also the Order of Lenin badge and a yearly free railway trip to any spot in the Soviet Union. Whenever his name is mentioned in print, it must be followed by the title, "Hero of the Soviet Union." Beyond all this, the Government supplies a sculptor to do a bust of the hero, which is erected in the square of his native village or city district. A hero who wins two or more Gold Stars gets a full-length statue and pedestal, not a bust.

The Russian movie industry has been enlisted in the campaign to keep the feats of the fighting man fresh in the minds of the Russian people. In these reenactments the enemy is always craven and unshaven; the Russian soldiers shine with manly grace and simple heroism.

The Soviet Army and Air Force are further encouraged to feel heroic by allowing units to take the honorary title of "Guards," identifying themselves with great wartime units. The "Guards" designation, borrowed by Czar Peter from the Prussians and British, was abolished with special loathing by the Bolsheviks of 1917, but all that is important now is that it helps to build unit morale.

Anyone who knows the insane paradoxes permitted in Russia should not be surprised to learn that, in spite of all these patriotic trappings, the Russian word for "patriotism" is still taboo as a relic of bourgeois imperialism. The Russians have been hard put to find a satisfactory substitute. "Love of Fatherland" is sometimes used, but it is uncomfortably reminiscent of the German "Vaterland." "Love of Motherland" is used too, but it has echoes of the old Imperial "Mother Russia." No agreement has yet been reached as to whether the Soviets are a Mother or a Father.

Divine Favor

But it may astound those who think a word means what it means to learn that the atheistic Reds use the word "holy" repeatedly in postwar military regulations and handbooks. It is even used in the oath that every member of the Russian armed services must take. This same half-shamed religiosity comes to the surface when a newly-formed group of Soviet planes is formed. As the air division commander presents the unit with its colors, the airmen kneel and bow their heads in the immemorial posture of submitting one's destiny to divine favor.

The reader will not be blamed if he has not believed a word of what has been written above. But it is all true. For in fact the Soviet Armed

Forces have painstakingly adopted virtually every ceremony, pomp and trapping ever invented by the "militaristic-imperialistic West" in the golden ages of militarism.

Only one thing would seem to be lacking to complete the fantastic picture. That would be an elite officer corps based on race and family.

Russia has that too, even though the Soviet armed forces are the defense of a nation of some 190 different peoples and sworn to the equality of all peoples under Communism.

Marx's theories may be good enough for Communists in other countries but in Russia they were subjected to the frightful test of war. In that test, it became clear that the famous primitive fighters, like the Cossacks, Mongols and Tartars, could not stand up under prolonged bombing and were unreliable in defeat. The stubborn backbone of the Soviet forces was found to be, whether in victory or defeat, the mass of more or less blond Nordics called "Great Russians" and native to the great circle around Moscow, the ancient Muscovy of the Czars. These men are not only the descendants of the men who originally conquered the other 189 races of the USSR; they also comprise close to half the total manpower of the Soviet Union. The effectiveness of these men has been deemed by the Soviet high command to be more valuable to the survival of the USSR than any equalitarian theories of Marx.

The Great Russians always took a preponderant part in the rule of the Soviets and their armed forces. But this domination has become since 1941 a conscious policy, especially in those branches of the services considered essential to internal security, notably the Air Force and the Tank and Mechanized troops. It may be thought that this was done behind the back of Stalin, who is by no means a Great Russian but a Georgian from the Trans-Caucasus. On the contrary, Stalin himself is the father of this current evolution in the "raceless" Marxist state. If this seems strange, it may be remembered that French nationalism and racism attained its flowering under the rule of Napoleon who was a product of the island of Corsica.

The last incredible detail in this picture of the Soviet officer corps is its current arrangements for making itself a self-perpetuating hereditary caste. A great number of cadet schools were founded throughout the Soviet Union during the war to train future officers. At first war orphans were favored as candidates for these schools. But when the supply of orphans began to dwindle, the cadet schools were filled with the sons of professional officers. From the age of eight, these little boys will receive the fatherly discipline of a senior sergeant or boatswain and the rigid drill of the military school. All they will ever know is the military life.

Elite Prerogatives

If they make the grade as officers, they will in all probability marry girls descended from the old aristocracy and bourgeoisie to help them maintain a fitting social position. They will have a proper status as officers and gentlemen. They will take part in regimental "courts of honor" covering their personal honor rather than merely military infractions. They will live better than other Russians. They will think like soldiers rather than like Communists. And of course they will look wonderful.

They will play polo and tennis and hunt the boar and tiger. Their officers' clubs will be the most luxurious mansions in Russia and their leaves will be spent in the palaces on the Crimean riviera. They will have their own military stores, restaurants, laundries and the like. They will have homes with bathrooms, electricity, gas, children's playrooms, roof terraces and flower gardens. There will be separate messes for general officers, senior officers, captains and majors and lieutenants.

These luxuries are unimportant in themselves, but they are truly significant as symbols of the real power held in the USSR by the officer corps. These men have the shooting irons. They know how to use them. They destroyed the German Army piece by piece, intimately and at great length. They are, in short, smart, tough and, right now, very self-confident. They have a weapon in the Soviet Army in which they have complete faith. They are less inhibited than most people by political considerations or abstract love of humanity. Day and night they examine the cold military chances of winning a war for the conquest of the world.

But instead, in 1950, they have been asked to swallow a defeat, a half-serious gamble with their weapons and techniques on the other side of Asia, in Korea.

In 1904 the Czar took a very similar gamble for the very same prize Stalin wanted: the whole peninsula of Korea. When the Czar was defeated, there was an immediate violent revolt of the Left, which failed, but prepared the way for 1917. The internal enemies came out of hiding at the first sign of the weakness of the Czar's external policy. The Far East, dangling temptingly at the far end of the inadequate Trans-Siberian railway, seems generally to have been Russia's undoing. It remains to be seen whether, again, a Far Eastern fiasco would be followed by internal revolt, this time of the Right.

When Stalin resigned as Minister of Armed Forces in 1947, he put in Bulganin, a Marshal and a member of the Politburo. In 1949 he displaced Bulganin in favor of the Army's candidate for Minister of Armed Forces. This was no other than the great Marshal Vasilevsky, long Chief of the Army General Staff and an heirloom of the Czar's Imperial Army. Like the late Tukhachesky, the half-Italian, half-Tartar general who plotted against Stalin in 1937, Vasilevsky is a nobleman, who can get along with the cold, rude Communist bureaucrats.

The Russian name for the military inner circle, the General Staff of which Vasilevsky is the archetype, is the *Stauka*. It is a name to remember: *Stauka*. This may be one of those key words by which one may begin to understand the otherwise mysterious convolutions of unwritten history. For a man in gold-spurred black jackboots never feels quite the same about things as a man in a mussed sack suit.

AUTHOR in characteristic pose at the Security Council

Beyond the trials of this hour,
there are events
which portend well for the future.

By GEN. CARLOS P. ROMULO

Secretary of Foreign Affairs of the Philippines,
Chief, Philippine Mission to the United Nations

The Credit Side

IT seems paradoxical to talk about peace at this time, when a war is still going on in Korea and grave threats to international security exist in half a dozen other places. But peace, permanent and world-wide peace, is mankind's paramount and most pressing desire. It is the first and most important objective of the United Nations. No matter how formidable the obstacles, no matter how dark the prospects before us, we must keep this goal in sight, lest we lose our way amidst the preoccupations and tribulations of the moment.

What are the prospects for achieving lasting peace? There is much that can be put down on the credit side of the balance sheet. Item number one is the increased strength and prestige of the United Nations. The attack upon the Republic of Korea last June afforded an opportunity for collective action in the interest of peace and international security. The challenge in Korea was met with energy and determination. Fifty-three nations supported the decision of the Security Council to resist aggression in Korea with armed forces. A number of them, including the United Kingdom, Canada, Australia, the Philippines, New Zealand, Thailand, Turkey, Greece and the Netherlands sent troops, ships and planes to help the United States and South Korean forces which have borne the brunt of the fighting. Others offered food, medicines, hospital units and essential equipment. This demonstration of collective security in action has greatly encouraged the defenders and lovers of peace everywhere. Conversely, it has had the effect of discouraging or at least giving pause to other would-be aggressors.

The United Nations has shown in Korea that aggression does not pay. We may be sure that this has been duly noted in the camps of potential war makers. In the United Nations itself, the case of Korea has served to spur the effort to improve the machinery for collective security. By virtue of a resolution approved by an overwhelming majority in plenary session, the General Assembly may now meet on twenty-four hours' notice and recommend the use of armed forces to resist aggression whenever the Security Council is unable to act. A Peace Observation Commission has been formed to observe and report on the situation in any area where international tension exists and is deemed likely to endanger the maintenance of international peace and security. A Collective Measures Committee has also been formed to make a special study of the methods which might be used to strengthen collective security in accordance with the provisions of the Charter.

The General Assembly has also asked the Security Council to make a new attempt to implement Articles 43, 45, 46 and 47 of the Charter providing for the creation and use of United Nations armed forces, and has called upon the permanent members of the Security Council to undertake new consultations and negotiations towards the peaceful settlement of their outstanding problem.

Another resolution reaffirms the need for prompt, united action to meet aggression wherever it arises, to reduce or regulate all armaments and armed forces, and to establish effective control of atomic energy and other weapons of mass destruction. Still another recommends that in the event of the outbreak of hostilities, each of the belligerent states should proclaim its readiness to

cease fire and withdraw all its military forces to its own territory within twenty-four hours after the fighting has begun.

All these measures bespeak the determination of the great majority of the member states of the United Nations not only to resist but to deter and forestall aggression by strengthening the machinery for collective security. If they can be faithfully and vigorously implemented, the prospects for lasting peace in the world will be greatly enhanced.

I have often been asked how the United Nations can further reduce the tensions arising from the East-West conflict. My reply has been invariably: "By patient, persistent negotiation and conciliation on the one hand, and on the other by the strict, energetic, uncompromising application of the Charter." The attempt to obtain agreement on disarmament, atomic energy control and other problems that divide the Great Powers should proceed with fresh impetus and sustained effort. At the same time, the United Nations must deal promptly and effectively with new threats or breaches of the peace. It goes without saying that there should be no lag or let-up in the constructive work of the Economic and Social Council and the specialized agencies in the fields of health, labor, trade, education and technical assistance to underdeveloped countries.

In recent months, Asia has assumed a new importance in the world's search for lasting peace and security. Many of the Asian countries are just emerging from the era of colonialism and a strong nationalistic urge pervades the region. How, it is asked, can the Western democracies best help to foster the independence of the new states of Asia and at the same time bring them into a harmonious relationsip with the rest of the free world? Can the internationalist spirit upon which world peace and security must rest be reconciled with the nationalistic aspirations of the Asian peoples?

I do not see how the Asian desire for political independence and economic security could be an obstacle to the establishment of an international community ruled by just law. One of the essential prerequisites of enduring world peace is that the component nations should be free.

Asian nationalism is not aggressive and has no expansionist designs whatever. It has minimal aims, namely, independence from foreign rule and security from want. Therefore it cannot be in conflict with the system of collective security and respect for each nation's rights under a rule of law which is the basis of lasting peace and the only milieu in which the new states of Asia can hope to preserve their freedom and assure their economic development in larger, not lesser freedom.

The desire of the free states of Asia to form some kind of regional association for mutual benefit has sometimes been mistakenly criticized. In reality, as the Baguio Conference of 1950 proved, the free states of Asia have been careful to place their regional aims and actions strictly within the framework of the United Nations. In a resolution unanimously approved in Baguio last May, the representatives of seven states comprising more than six hundred thirty million people reaffirmed their devotion to the Charter of the United Nations and their desire to work together under its auspices.

Two Freedoms for Asia

The problem of dealing with Asia on a new basis has engaged the attention of the Western democracies since the end of the war. The solution is simple. To bring the new states of Asia into harmonious relationship with the rest of the free world, the Western democracies need only to recognize, foster and respect their independence and integrity. The basic aims of Asian nationalism, as I have already pointed out, are freedom from foreign control and freedom from want. The Western democracies are in the best position to help the new states of Asia to achieve both objectives. In default of such help, the way will be open to communist infiltration and control.

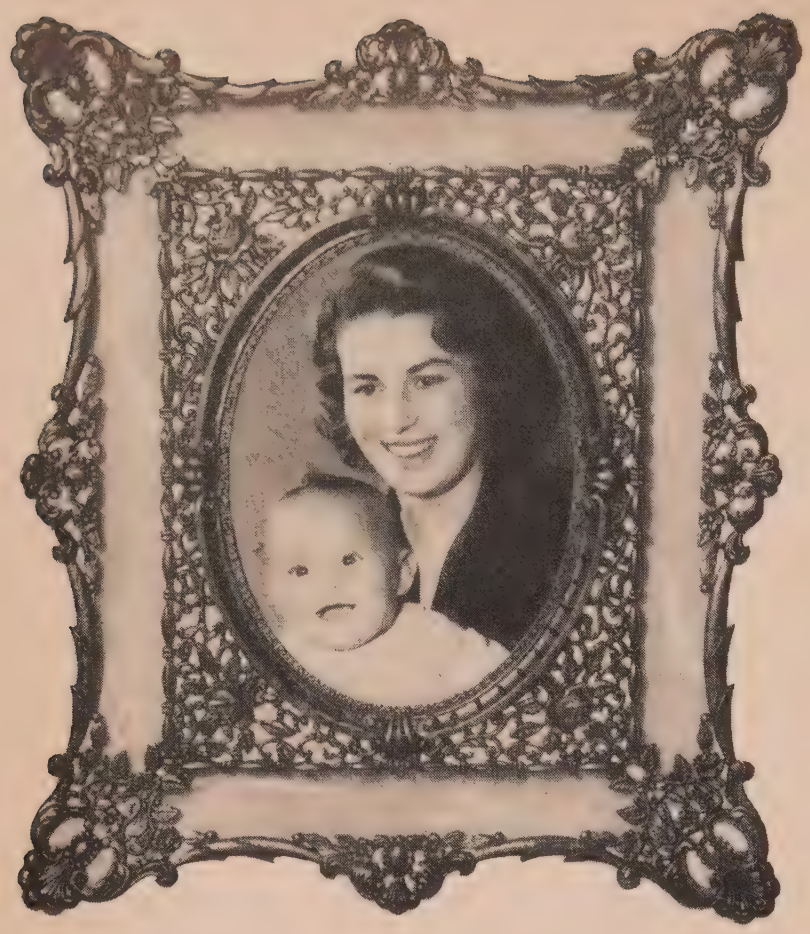
Communism in Asia has gained acceptance and support only insofar as it has identified itself with the desire of Asian nations for independence from foreign control and for security from want. If a better alternative is presented, as the Western democracies are in a position to do, there can be no doubt about the choice of the new Asian states. They will go the free way, the democratic way, and turn their backs on communism.

Fortunately for the free world, the Western democracies have awakened to the new importance of Asia in world affairs. The United States has evolved its Point Four program to help the underdeveloped countries without detracting in any way from their independence and dignity. This project together with the United Nations expanded program of technical assistance to the nations that need it, presents a strong bulwark against the further advance of anti-democratic forces and influences in Asia.

Poverty vs. Peace

We cannot have lasting peace and security in the world until the wide gap between the developed and underdeveloped areas has been bridged. A constructive and promising start is being made in Asia. Everything must be done to sustain it until the Asian goal of economic security in greater freedom is achieved. Upon the success of this venture will depend in large measure whether or not we can attain enduring peace and establish a workable system of international security.

It would be unrealistic to pretend that peace is just around the corner. We cannot blink the fact that powerful and sinister forces threaten the security of the world. But there is no cause for despair. The machinery for establishing world peace on a just and enduring basis through the United Nations is adequate provided the will to use it is present and does not falter at the crucial moments. The crisis arising from the invasion of Korea has resulted in the strengthening of both the will-to-peace and the machinery for collective security, providing a solid basis for the hope that a third world war may yet be averted.



The Most Beautiful Woman in the World

By CANDIDE

CHAPTER ONE, in which the chivalrous reader is instructed in the dangers waiting in ambush for a great and famous beauty.

In the fairly good world of the 1920s, a Spanish-Sicilian named Amedeo Mangano met and married in London an Englishwoman named Ivy Webb and took her back to Rome. Following on one son, they had three remarkably handsome daughters.

In 1946, which was a very bad year in Rome, the eldest, Silvana, now 16, sent her picture to a Roman beauty contest. The big, long-limbed, sulky, red-haired girl with the velvet brown eyes easily won the title of Miss Rome 1946. A year later, after several unsuccessful tries, she got the principal part in an Italian movie about the itinerant female labor that works the rice crop in the Po valley. Her innocence of the Hollywood acting clichés, her unpainted face, her sullen integrity of personality, were unmistakable evidence of a genuine actress. Yet it was evident that she did not particularly like what she was doing.

This performance was presently put on the screen in New York under the translated title of *Bitter Rice*. The New York *Times* critic recognized her at once as "Anna Magnani minus 15 years, Ingrid Bergman with a Latin disposition and Rita Hayworth plus 15 pounds . . . nothing short of a sensation . . . full-bodied and gracefully muscular with a rich voice and a handsome pliant face." The *News* condensed this to "unwashed beauty of the Ingrid Bergman type;" the *Compass* to "superb body." The sense of the meeting was that a young lioness was on display.

The comparison to Ingrid Bergman seems to have been especially valid. For Silvana Mangano and Bergman have the same pure and unconscious sexuality. Bergman was more stony-faced and arrogant in her self-respect, but Silvana is much the same proud child, disdaining the slippery sophistications of the world.

Silvana's first reactions to unexpected fame read as if she had well noted the penalties Ingrid paid for fame. The gratuitously caddish treatment of Ingrid's belated romance by the American press (but first by the Italian press) may be presumed to have constituted a warning to Silvana, who must have sensed that the world of the flesh and the cinema would take her in a way not unlike the way it had taken Ingrid.

She must have been particularly sympathetic to Ingrid because at the same time she and her husband and producer, Dino De Laurentis, were preparing to have their first child. At this period Silvana renounced the screen and let herself go, reaching the remarkable weight of 190 pounds. When the child was born in January, 1950, they named it Veronica. Silvana refused anaesthetics at the birth and nursed Veronica.

Her feelings about movie fame were startlingly plain in a question-and-answer interview given an Italian journalist.

Q. "Have you any ambitions?"

A. "To understand the man I love without knowing too much and without asking too many questions."

Q. "Are you ready to sacrifice everything to your career?"

A. "Definitely not."

Q. "Would you like to be rich?"

A. "I consider the desire to be rich for the sake of being rich some form of lunacy."

Q. "Do you think you possess some special quality?"

A. "I am extremely enigmatic and sincere."

The answers sound entirely sincere and not at all enigmatic. In the judgment of this 19-year-old, dignity and happiness were too high a price to pay for a career as a famous movie actress. But her position was difficult. Whether or not she wanted Ingrid's fate, she was married to an Italian movie producer and she was a box-office success. Before her marriage in 1949 she had begun a second picture, *Il Lupo della Sila* (Sila's Wolf), released in Paris last October and due in the US in early 1949. After the birth of her child she made another, *The Brigand Musolino,* having by then reduced to 136 pounds on a cruel diet and massage. She is about to begin work on a fourth, and knows she should get down to a normal 127 pounds.

The diet was cruel because Silvana is a healthy, innocent animal. She really likes to eat and play tennis and ride. She can get dreamy about *pastina in brodo,* egg noodles cooked in meat or chicken broth. This is an experience that is pleasant to look back on and to look forward to repeating. It is real happiness when she asks her fat little baby, "What does Pucci do?" (Pucci is a dog Veronica meets in the park.) Veronica replies correctly and enthusiastically, "Bow wow." It is happiness to make up the household accounts and to sew a fine seam. Beside these things, looking pretty for strangers seems just silly.

When UNW's reporter, Natalia Danesi Murray, sought her out in Rome, the De Laurentis family had just moved from the pine-shrouded villa on the Appian Way to a flat in Rome, so that De Laurentis can be nearer his work. Silvana had been reading Moravia's *Romana,* which she had left on the couch in the half-furnished flat. Asked about it, she said that it had shocked and distressed her, being the rather harsh story of a prostitute. She was wearing a plain gray flannel skirt, a red flannel blouse, moccasins and no makeup whatever. The interviewer was impressed by her fine-textured red hair, her naturally rosy complexion and fine white teeth. Silvana said that she had not been at all happy doing the dance sequences in *Bitter Rice* (merely a Europeanized Lindy Hop) because of their "vulgarity."

She told how during the war her family had moved out of Rome, to avoid bombing, to Frascati. When Rome was declared an open city, the German High Command also moved to Frascati. This brought Allied planes looking, not for the Manganos, but for Kesselring. The Manganos hurriedly reversed their field, returning to Rome where Silvana studied ballet at the Ja Ruskaya Academy. The doctor advised her to drop it when she began to swell up in nervous reaction to the bombing. She was then about 14.

Getting to be Miss Rome 1946 changed the family fortunes. For a time she was a dress model. Dino De Laurentis saw her picture and sent for her, but did not like her at all. There is some conflict in the publicity claims as to whether it was the director of *Bitter Rice,* De Santis, or the producer, De Laurentis, who had the inspiration to cast Silvana. De Laurentis says it was he, after another actress had refused the part. Silvana's memory at one period was that "Dino must have loved me for myself alone. When he first saw me I was dressed in burlap. My feet were bare and covered with mud. My face and hair were rain-soaked." This is one of the later and most effective scenes in *Bitter Rice.*

Dino has of course sharpened his appreciation of Silvana since then. Two weeks before the birth of the child, he gave a great New Year's Eve party at the villa on the Appian Way. The whole Roman world of the screen and press were on hand to see the fireworks display at midnight to celebrate the imminent birth. At that party Silvana said she was retiring. Today she says, smiling at her husband, "I only went back because of him."

Now 20, she is no longer a child. Fearless before, she has developed a phobia of riding fast in a car and of all animals except dogs, of which she owns three, two German shepherds and an Alsatian, named Whisky, Kitty and Ador. However, such fears are the price anyone pays for accepting the gamble of life. They are not unique to promising movie actresses. The gamble of which Silvana is truly afraid is that of cinema fame. "Standing with reluctant feet," she is not unnaturally loath to pay the price of dignity and happiness for an eminence that does not attract her. In another destiny she would have been happy going to the movies, for she loves to look at other people on the screen.

In 1951 Silvana and Dino plan to visit the US. If this natural, handsome girl fails to meet the odd social requirements of the American publicity world, it should be added that she has two beautiful sisters.

Whereas Silvana takes after her mother, Patrizia, 18, is more nearly the American glamor girl, tall and slender, with larger eyes and a longer face than Silvana. The third sister, Natasha, 14, takes entirely after the Spanish-Sicilian father, with black hair and olive skin. Both girls have studied ballet and Patrizia is also a lyric soprano.

Perhaps Patrizia and Natasha can be induced to take some of the pressure off Silvana.

This is the first in a UNW series presenting beautiful women produced by various climates and cultures. Each will be titled "The Most Beautiful Woman in the World," for every woman in the world is entirely worthy of this description, and any lesser title would be a pedantic discourtesy.

Ripples

At Lake Success

THE gradual conquest of the UN buildings at Lake Success by the engineers of Sperry Gyroscope has evoked a certain degree of pathos among the remaining UN employes. The editor of the *Secretariat News*, G.N.T. Widdrington, reports:

"The battle-front, now under a barrage of electric drills, hammers, saws and a cloud of dust, reveals that the enemy has bitten a deep salient through Economic and Social Affairs, which leaves M. Laugier's office almost isolated. On our left flank, the Russian typing pool is holding its own in an exposed position, although the rattle of its small-arms typewriters makes a pitiful showing against opposing artillery. The Sperry forces have amassed great numbers of modern vehicles. Their leaders direct operations from solidly-built tricycles. Our only hope lies in the advanced position held by our maintenance shops and receiving warehouse on the right flank . . . also well-armed with vehicles and noise-makers . . ."

* * *

A television popularity poll conducted by the *Saturday Review of Literature* rated Hopalong Cassidy No. 7, Howdy Doody No. 3, Philco Playhouse No. 2 and United Nations Broadcasts No. 1. On the cruel test of audience appeal, even cowboys and puppets seem unable to offer serious competition to the world's efforts to save itself.

* * *

The strange meeting of the USSR's Vyshinski and the American Indian delegation to the UN headed by Sioux Chief Clutton Richard, was never properly explained, though it was widely exploited by the US and Russian press. Actually, the Indians had been idling in the UN lounge for some hours without attracting any attention, when an idea slowly burgeoned in the brain of Alphonso Preindl, a popular free-lance photographer at the UN. Preindl approached Vyshinski, who was studying a sheaf of documents. "I beg your pardon," said Preindl, "somebody would like to be introduced to you. It will take only a minute." While Mr. Vyshinski and Chief Richard were shaking hands, Preindl got his picture. A Canadian delegate, wandering by, made bold to ask Mr. Vyshinski, "Is this your next candidate for Secretary General?" But beyond that nobody saw any special point in the encounter.

It was not until next day that Chief Richard became the ironical symbol for all "subject peoples" to whom the USSR offers the mortal hand of friendship. The border-line of farce was muffed completely by Pravda which, coming in late, demanded that the American continent be returned promptly to Chief Richard and his friends.

* * *

American civilization has overcome Egypt's delegate to the UN, Professor H. K. Selim Bey, Dean of the Faculty of Commerce at the University of Cairo. Professor Selim Bey attended one baseball game between the Yankees and the Red Sox, watched another 50 games on television and loitered on New York playgrounds where small boys were playing baseball. He now proposes to import professional baseball into Egypt. "The game," said the Professor, "is a builder of good will. I'm sure the Egyptians will, as you say, 'go for it.' I prefer the type of applicants who must be hot stuff."

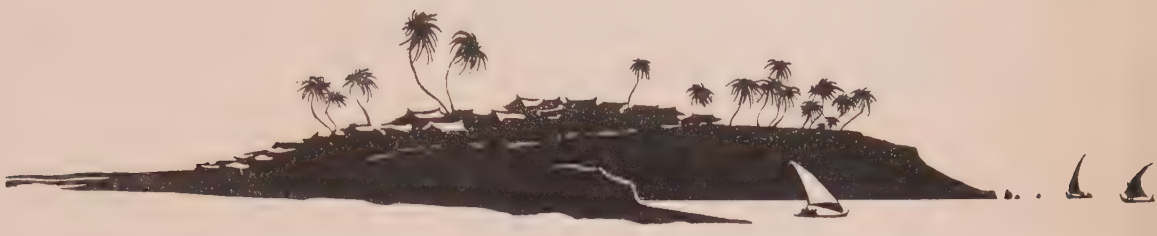
* * *

The difference between the Tower of Babel and the UN is most clearly symbolized by the UN radio, "Network for Peace," which disseminates UN news all over the world. Sorting the news into a multiplicity of tongues, "Network for Peace" was already translating it into Serbo-Croat, Amharic, Pushtu, Duri, Korean, Urdu, Thai and Tagalog, among others. It has lately added translations in Finnish, Bulgarian, Celanese, German and Hungarian.

—HANS TOCH

"That's an *Indian?* Don't be ridiculous!"

Big Mansavvy Talks Peace in Pidgin



By LAURA VITRAY

United Nations Editor, UNW

THE remote jungles and bushlands of New Guinea are a-hum with tidings from the outside world. Former headhunters, cavemen, occasional cannibals pass the word along. It seems the mansavvies of many governments have made a big Council and said: "This business of war is a crazy fashion. Finish!"

In their simplicity, these children emerging from savagery do not doubt that all shall be as ordered. Nor are they surprised that their own beloved mansavvy has had something to do with it.

They have known George Townsend since he was a mere stripling and led a band of pale-faced men into the bush. The natives shot at them with arrows, and they shot back. One native was killed, the others hid. Then the slim Australian walked into the center of the clearing and said in Pidgin: "If you shoot at us, we shoot. If we attack you, defend yourselves. That is every man's right. But the government wants no fighting. It is bad business. *Finish!*"

After World War I, when the League of Nations placed New Guinea under mandate to Australia, an ad in a Sydney paper called for young veterans to go out to this wild territory. "You have been engaged in destroying life, will you take part in building it?" the ad read. Townsend, at 19, had seen slaughter at close range. He signed up. Long afterward, he became an Australian District Officer in New Guinea.

Today, when dusk descends over the bush, fortunate natives within range of a government station or a plantation house gather in silent throngs around radios placed outdoors for the "Native Hour." Soon they hear a familiar voice, speaking to them from United Nations Headquarters. The mansavvy is calm and kindly as ever, trustworthy as sun and moon. He tells of all the things that have happened since the Big War, when 80,000 Japanese, ruthless and pitiless, descended on New Guinea, and the "good government" had to go away for a while.

George A. Townsend, Area Specialist with the UN's Trusteeship Council.

In those three years that New Guinea was a major war theatre, countless villages were destroyed, the natives scattered, suffering hunger and forced labor under the occupant. Today, the "good government" has restored their homes and helped them to reconquer their lands from the encroaching jungle.

"Time be long bik pella pait i lus pinis now," the friendly voice on the radio says, "enap paib na sikis pela yar, tasol now, today i gat tousan nau humans, tousan man na meri na pickininny is no gat house nau kaikai ino enap." (The big war has now been finished for five or six years, but even today there are thousands of men and women and children in many countries who have no homes and not enough food.)

But something is being done about that, the voice relates. Mansavvies of many governments have said: "*Dis pella pasin imas pinis!*—this war fashion must finish!" They have written it in a big book, together with all the ways that countries must help one another. And because the nations are united to stop fighting and be friends, they call the book the United Nations Charter.

In an office of the Secretariat of the UN Trusteeship Council, Area Specialist George Townsend bends

Peace in Pidgin *continued*

over a desk, working on plans for bringing a better life—food and health and happiness—to the world's dependent peoples, in far off places like New Guinea and Africa and Fiji. Such peoples have a secure place in his heart. Not that he dreams, as he once did, of making them over to some pattern carved in advance. He is too confident today of their own humanity and intelligence ever to suggest that.

Townsend's broadcasts to New Guinea natives—in an English version—were mailed to the administering authorities of Togoland in Africa and other UN trusteeship areas. They were instantly seized upon and translated into various tribal tongues. Thus his talks are now heard in remote regions everywhere.

As for the Pidgin in which he talks to his own New Guinea tribes, he explains that it is a real language, with an origin and grammar that are Melanesian. Pidgin is spoken even in the remote jungles, where 200 local languages also are in use. It developed out of centuries of effort by the coastal natives to converse with the crews of the English, Dutch, Spanish and German trading vessels that put in to their shores. Just as English has Saxon, French and other roots, so Pidgin is rich in words from other tongues—sometimes, innocently, with "bad words" the traders used.

Townsend's reminiscences of New Guinea are a window into the primitive world. He recalls with a smile one of those early exploring expeditions into the highlands. Native food-bearers went along—but "on any such expedition you reach the point of no-return when the food supply gives out."

The Australians were planning to remain in the bush for several months. Accordingly, in a region teeming with savages, they launched signals to planes that had scouted their course. Promptly a squadron flew over and dumped many huge sacks of supplies. Townsend called the village chieftains together. "This is for you," he explained. "It is so you can hold a sing-sing."

With sticks and branches he marked off on the ground a large flat enclosure. "You must have the sing-sing here," he ordained. "You will dance until everything is eaten up."

Joyous hundreds flocked out of the jungle. For thirty-six hours they danced, jumping up and down, pounding with their feet on the earth, yelling and shouting whilst they gobbled the white man's food. "When the sing-sing was over, we had an airfield," Townsend recollects with a grin. "Then we signalled that regular food deliveries could start."

Every day, the planes flew over, swooped onto the airfield, and unloaded their supplies for the little band of Australians. The natives watched with intense interest, but with no surprise that these wonder-working strangers could make food fly through the air. Then one day several of the young men approached Townsend. "We want to ride in one of those to your country."

Townsend took three of the most intelligent with him on a trip to the coast. Happy and expectant, they sat in the plane. It rose, and as they peered down at forests and mountain peaks, one of them cried gleefully, "We are just like birds!" But then the ocean came in sight—a vast green thing like a turtle's back. They were terrified. "What is that?"—"Why, that is water."—"Water, oh no! We know water. It is a monster that will devour us!"

Somehow he calmed them until the landing at the coastal airfield, where a truck waited to take them into town. They climbed into it. But as it began jolting over the rough road, they were gray-green with terror, and one of the three vomited. "Why are you so frightened now?" Townsend demanded. At length one of them sputtered it out: "It isn't working right—it will kill us—don't you see that it doesn't rise?"

Through years of kindly administration, the Australians built into these primitive hearts a confidence which even the War could not shake.

"The native is a realist," Townsend will tell you. "He saw clearly that a

The friendly natives of New Guinea believe it is time for all people to stop fighting and learn to live happily as neighbors under the UN.

small group of Australian administrators could not hold the line against 80,000 armed Japanese. He did not reproach the government when it had to go away. Besides, he had many proofs that it was somewhere not far off, still working for him. He was loyal to it, eager for the downfall of these invaders, who were the *lawbreakers*."

Throughout the occupation, Australia dropped hundreds of thousands of leaflets on New Guinea. For picking one up, the penalty was death. But the people of the bush were not afraid. Under Townsend's direction, the leaflets were printed in color, each colored sheet bearing on its back the emblem of the tribe where it would be dropped—an arrow, a canoe paddle, a shield—to show it came from a friend. When a native spied a leaflet, he rolled it quickly and pushed it into the hollow center of a bamboo stick that could be tossed away if the Japanese appeared. Then he ran swiftly from village to village, seeking a native who could read.

Whenever an Allied airman was down over the bush, leaflets were dropped on the region. Then the natives searched, until they found and rescued the flier, if alive. Natives guided 270 airmen to safety.

In 1942, when the time came for Allied landings in New Guinea, Townsend was working closely with the military. One day he had an idea that carried him back twenty years. In 1922 he had led a party to the very heart of New Guinea—still in 1950 partially unexplored. One evening near sunset he sat reclining against a tree trunk, half dozing while one of his men prepared dinner and the native police boys lounged about. All were exhausted, for they had pulled themselves by vines and tree branches up 3,000 feet of steep slope and down the other side. Suddenly he was awakened by a peculiar sound—as if birds were twittering in all the trees. As he opened his eyes, a lad of ten from one of the villages who was standing near the fire, emitted a low birdlike whistle. Townsend beckoned a police boy. "Ask the child what all this whistling is about," he said.

The native soon reported that according to the youngster the whistling was the language of this region. The sounds would carry over long distances. The lad said his mother, from their hut in the village, had asked him what was going on, and he had told her white strangers were cooking dinner. Now in all the villages they were gossiping.

It was the memory of this tone language that gave Townsend a big idea in 1942. Many native police boys and runners had come out of New Guinea with him—and they had often gone back on dangerous missions. Now, after careful instructions to them, he had submarines drop them on New Guinea shores at night. Their orders were to find the "bird" country, and bring out young men who wanted to be scouts.

Those whistling scouts gave the Allies a code the Japanese never were able to break. They were trained to use walkie-talkies. One would go ahead, far into the brush, looking for dumps of enemy ammunition, and other targets. He would whistle his finds to his buddy who remained with the troops, and who translated the message into Pidgin. Bombers would then wipe the target out.

There was a day when the scout at the receiving end burst into tears at the bird sounds in his receiver. His friend far away had been spotted, was wounded and dying. Out of hundreds, he was the only whistling scout who was lost.

Townsend himself was on one of the first Allied landing craft to go ashore in New Guinea. Natives rushed down to greet him. "Is the Government still there?"—"Of course!" They fell in with the troops that were unloading ammunition, toiled beside them for hours in the hot sun. But at five o'clock they stopped. "Does the law still stand? Five o'clock finish?"

"The law stands. It always stands. Besides, the captain must feed you."

The natives were pleased. They felt secure in a law that does not change. The Japanese lawbreakers had used them as slaves. Of course, the captain, expecting an early battle, was furious. But things were not so bad as he thought. Having established the immutability of justice, they unloaded barges for another thirty hours—*as volunteers.*

Today these natives of New Guinea are enthusiastic about law that must apply to everybody, everywhere. The lawbreakers must be pushed back, until they never dare to destroy life and happiness again. The natives themselves are teaching their own tribes of the interior to behave properly, with a respect for peace and the rights of other men. And they like to think that the wise men of many countries are doing that same job, on a broader scale.

Every evening, during the "Native Hour," many stand and listen to the story of the United Nations, and all its wonderful works. Like the "government," they feel that this UN is theirs. They repeat its message from man to man, from village to village, from coast to jungle—with the unfailing memory for a text that only the primitives possess. The UN tells them that fighting is *finished*—that all countries must now help one another, so that all may be healthier, happier and more wise.

George Townsend, whose voice they hear in Pidgin, believes the UN message, for he is helping make it come true,

"So the poor hath hope," wrote Job in his fifth chapter, and the meaning of the words are reflected in the eyes of this Arab woman with her child, at a milk distribution center in Nazareth. In the Middle East, in North Africa, in Asia, in Central and South America, millions of such children are now receiving their daily cup of milk, with bread and jam—and codliver oil or shark's oil capsules to make them grow strong.

UN-

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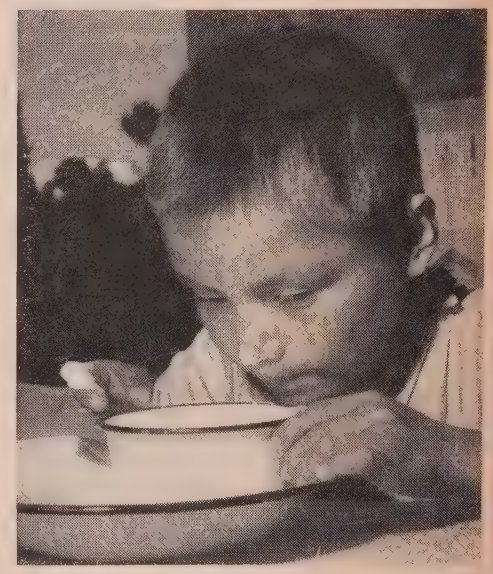
This little girl, in Castoria, Greece, is made happy by the gift of a blanket and soap from UNICEF. She is one of many thousands of refugees driven from their homes by the long fighting, and now waiting in camps and crude shelters until they can be resettled in their mountain villages scattered over the north. Almost a million receive their daily ration of milk and other foods, as well as medical and health care.

In Japan, the UN's International Children's Emergency Fund has two programs—child feeding and clothing. More than 128,000 nursery school boys and girls like these get their whole or skimmed milk every day. And they are warmly clad, because UNICEF gave the Japanese Government 1,620 bales of cotton to be converted into finished garments for 460,000 children who needed them. The smiles tell of Christmas joy.

In his classroom in a Guatemala village, seven-year-old Anastacio has just dipped his nose into something mighty fine. He and 20,000 more, mostly Indian, benefit by the child-feeding program, while their families are saved from malaria's curse by UNICEF's help in insect control.



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dren with UNICEF wool. In Haiti, the village chiefs will turn out and take part in the general rejoicing over the success of the anti-yaws campaign that is saving thousands of boys and girls from a disease that leaves its victims crippled or maimed.

In Europe, in Asia, in Latin America, the same UN Christmas story is being told—more life for more children.

In most of these places there is apt to be no Christmas turkey, nor plum pudding on the festive board. But there will be milk and meat and margarine, bread, sugar and jam. There will be the laughter of youngsters to whom the UN is the real Santa Claus.

This young Pakistani lad, in his customary raw wool cap, was among many in the village of Maugho-Pir who reported for the inoculation against tuberculosis, given by a Danish nurse.

The scene is a Finnish village 70 miles north of the Arctic Circle, where rations of Fiskaroni (fish and macaroni mix) have been brought to the children by UNICEF reindeer sleds.

The Delegates Laugh To See Such Fun...

By MAC R. JOHNSON
UN Correspondent, New York Herald Tribune

POLITICAL barbs coated with heavy sarcasm and tossed like spears back and forth across the East-West parallel tickle the sense of humor of United Nations delegates.

They also laugh at their own efforts to curb their own protracted and repetitious speeches. And they snort at the embarrassing moments of their colleagues.

But, with scores of races, religions and ideologies represented, the most routine story may be "offensive" or "in bad taste" to someone.

This results in self-imposed restrictions on the freedom of laughter. On hearing a story, delegates check all listeners and bystanders before deciding to laugh, smile or act as if they didn't understand.

Many delegates aren't anxious to be identified with the stories they repeat. But Philippines Foreign Minister Carles P. Romulo, the uninhibited, isn't that way. Asked to relate the funniest incident that he could remember in the UN, General Romulo laughed, sat down, slapped his leg and reeled off seven.

He said that Dr. Eduardo Anze Matienzo, of Bolivia, had delegates rocking in the corridors after his General Assembly speech.

Mr. Matienzo, pitching from West to East, recalled Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Y. Vyshinski's description of how atomic energy was used in Russia for such peaceful purposes as moving mountains.

The Bolivian delegate comes from a very high country. In fact, his capital, La Paz, is built at a comparatively low spot—12,000 feet above sea level. So Mr. Matienzo would like very much to have the Russians level a couple of 18,000-foot Andean peaks and roll them out into flat farm land.

"However, we do not dare to ask for Russian experts, because we fear they might leave the mountains and move the government," Mr. Matienzo commented dryly.

Mr. Vyshinski aims his barbs from East to West. One day in the Political Committee, he took up the arithmetic of a majority. He was recalling how the proposal for unifying Korea was adopted with forty-seven favorable votes against the five-vote opposition of Russia and four Communist neighbors.

Arithmetic is an exact science, Mr. Vyshinski pointed out, but the vote didn't add up to the correct solution.

"If, in the time of Galileo, you had put to the vote the question of whether the earth revolved, I am certain that a political committee at some Lake Success would have voted overwhelmingly that the earth was not turning and that Galileo had to be hanged or burned.

"Nevertheless, the earth still would have turned and Galileo would have remained right," the Soviet Foreign Minister said.

Mr. Vyshinski impaled Secretary General Trygve Lie when he pitched another barb at the West in debating the "United Action for Peace" resolution, which, among other things, provides for earmarking troops in national armies for UN use against aggression.

Loosely interpreting this and other provisions, Mr. Vyshinski reached the point where Mr. Lie was "Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Forces of the General Assembly."

The Soviet spokesman revived a mental image of Mr. Lie "on a white stallion" leading UN armies "into the fray against aggressors."

LIE

Then he said with ponderous sarcasm:

"Under the UN Charter, the Secretary General can only command his secretariat workers, and for that purpose he does not need to mount a white horse . . . or put on armor. He does not have to have military experts. He has mimeograph machines, business machines and other heavy and light weapons, if not artillery. One does not need military experts to run mimeograph machines."

Later, Mr. Vyshinski said: "I apol-

ogize for indulging in some humor in this respect, but I think . . . it is better to joke about the resolution than to take it seriously."

Sven Grafstrom, of Sweden, said the UN's work was too serious for any really hilarious jokes to evolve. But he recalled this one:

A man came into the delegates' lounge looking for a correspondent of the official Soviet news agency, TASS. Approaching a writer, he asked: "Are you with TASS?"

"No. Polish Press Agency. Can I help you?"

"I guess not," the man answered. "You're only demi-Tass."

Sir Benegal N. Rau, of India, said he was amused by the voting in the Political Committee on the Korean resolution. A protest was made when the number of yes and no votes, plus the abstentions, totaled sixty-one in the sixty-nation body.

Dr. Roberto Urdaneta-Arbalaez of Colombia, the chairman, called for another show of hands and announced with pride that the total was now a correct "sixty."

"But, Mr. Chairman, it should only be fifty-nine because my country hasn't participated in the voting," the Indonesian delegate said.

Muttering about people who raise two arms, the chairman, at Turkey's request, took a slow roll call vote. Result? A perfect 59 with Indonesia not voting.

Speech making results in a lot of UN jokes. Take the case of a young diplomat who arrived bright and fresh one morning for a committee meeting, a neatly-typed speech in his briefcase.

Debate dragged. It bogged down. When the committee adjourned for lunch, the diplomat checked the speaker's list. He was tenth on a list of eleven.

Assuming he wouldn't be called on until the next day, the young man anesthetized himself at the bar in preparation for a dull, boring afternoon session. He returned to committee late in the afternoon, and was just nestling in his chair when he was called on to speak.

He thought he had made out quite well, if a few slurred consonants could be blamed on the loudspeaker system. Then a colleague congratulated him. "I liked your speech—bourbon and all."

One non-English-speaking committee chairman wished to inform his group that after Mr. Vyshinski had spoken, there were no additional speakers on the list. "After Mr. Vyshinski, the remaining speakers are exhausted," he said, instead.

BERENDSEN

The length of speeches has tired many a weary chairman. Sir Carl Berendsen, of New Zealand, blew up one day and said:

"My list of speakers is showing the most astonishing powers of extensibility. The more speakers we hear—and none is brief—the longer the list becomes. Unless we do something about this, we will condemn ourselves to a task, which, in the words of a well known commercial slogan, will be 'not for a year, not for a life, but forever.' I beg those who have something to say to be as brief as possible, and those who have nothing to say, kindly to refrain from saying it."

Sir Carl had delegates laughing—and wincing—with a speech a year ago in the General Assembly when he protested the "growing and wantonly extravagant practice, so dear to the hearts of those who still yearn to see the world at somebody else's expense, of holding meetings of UN organs elsewhere than at Headquarters."

The Trusteeship Council was meeting in New York, but wanted to go to Geneva in January for the next session. Sir Carl intimated that he would put it to a vote "not with any confidence that this irresponsible practice will be restricted, but in order clearly to separate the sheep from the goats.

"And if I am asked who are the sheep, they are those errant lambs with itchy feet who hanker after fresh fields and pastures new, who seek the luscious meadows of Geneva before the Flushing Meadows of New York. And who are the goats? They will be those who are sufficiently stupid to give them the money to do so," Sir Carl concluded.

Incidentally, the goats paid.

Embarrassing moments? Well, these can't be detailed. But here's a tip. Don't get excited and use expressions like "There's a nigger in the woodpile," "it's a dirty Irish trick," or "the resolution doesn't have a Chinaman's chance." Delegates have lost friends and votes for as little. But no punches in the nose reported yet.

Ambassador Warren R. Austin, of the United States, pulls amusing stories from his mail bag. A New Jersey mother wrote him that her three children and their neighborhood "gang" were playing "Security Council" in the basement after seeing the UN body in action on television.

The biggest, toughest boy won the title role of "Mr. Austin." No one wanted to be Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister Yakov A. Malik. Finally, it was thrust on an unsuspecting two-year-old with the comment: "He's like Mr. Malik. You can't understand what he's saying."

When Mr. Malik was asked to relate his "funniest story," he replied that he would think about it and have something to say "in the future."

Questioned again later, he said: "I can't think of anything humorous." Waving his hand toward the committee rooms, he added, "It's all too tragic."

MALIK

This Month's Books-of-the-World

By ATTICUS

In several parts of the world today there is a shortage which to the millions affected is second only to a shortage of food—a shortage of reading matter, and particularly of books. In France, where reading is an intellectual necessity, the story is current that the US rearmament program is absorbing so much wood pulp for the manufacture of smokeless powder that little is left over for the dissemination of ideas. To that, military experts retort scornfully that explosives use only the tiniest fraction of the total pulp supply.

The real truth seems to be that Scandinavia, which normally supplies paper and woodpulp to Western Europe, is finding a bigger profit today in exports to the United States. France, whose paper production is far below her needs, was able to buy only a third as much from Sweden in the first half of this year as in the last half of 1949.

All over Europe the situation is much the same, while in South America too, the paper shortage is becoming acute. Whatever the causes, it all adds up to the apparent fact that wars, and preparation for wars, and the aftermath of wars, lead to mental famine.

Naturally the shortage of paper has its repercussion in the higher cost of books, which frequently is too high for the intellectual's purse. The Frenchman ceases to become a purchaser when the price goes above 500 francs. That may not seem exorbitant to an American, whose average income is higher than abroad. But it does seem high over there. One publisher, *Editions Fayard*, is attempting to meet the situation with paper-back books at 100 francs, and glossy-backs at 150 francs. Included are such famous authors as André Gide, Colette and Pierre Benoît.

Amazingly, Germany and Italy, two countries which lost in the war, have taken the most daring and realistic steps toward providing their people with low-cost mental fare. The German "pocket-book", on cheap paper at 1 mark 50, is proving a roaring success. The first printing of "Ro-Ro-Ro Taschenbücher" sold 50,000 copies in three weeks and was reprinted immediately. The first series included Balzac and Hemingway. Sinclair Lewis, Joseph Hergesheimer and Thomas Wolfe are on the new list. Advertisement pages for cigarettes and Coca-Cola help meet the production bill and give a chance to young German authors.

If for poverty's sake the books that ought to be written abroad are never written, the loss will be America's too. Americans are avid readers of European offerings in all the arts.

Music from Abroad

I have before me four new books on the list of Roy Publishers, New York, which bear out that important cultural flow. Three are on music: *Essays on Opera* by Egon Wellesz, ($3.75) translated from the German; *The Oratorios of Händel* by Percy M. Young ($4.50); and the *Songs of Henri Duparc*, by Sydney Northcote ($3.50).

Dr. Wellesz is a Viennese, with Vienna's four-centuries-old tradition of opera in his veins. He has written of it as something raised above the level of everyday life, "a world within the world." Dr. Young's book relates, among other things, how Italy proved a "fertile ground for the nourishment of seeds which were to burst into flower at the touch of Scarlatti and Händel." He provides a musician's interpretation of eighteenth century life and thought, and for music lovers the background and development of the oratorios. Northcote's book is a fascinating study of a French composer about whom little has heretofore been known.

The fourth Roy publication that happens to appeal to me—perhaps because it is Christmas time—is Esther Salminen's *God's First Children* ($2.00). Translated from the Swedish, this little volume of stories from the Old Testament is simply written and charmingly illustrated, with line drawings and color plates. Let us hope that American childrer are still finding pleasure in stories like these, as well as in the television shows.

Television—Good or Evil?

Speaking of television, Gilbert Seldes has important things to say about it in his new book, *The Great Audience* (Viking Press, $3.75). He thinks the individual citizen, as well as the producer, must have a part in the decision as to whether this new medium is to provide entertainment worthy of the time spent on it. Seldes admits the possibility that television may work a revolution in the popular arts. On the other hand, he foresees the danger that, with its illusion of reality, its persuasiveness, it may prove more effective in falsehood than either of its forerunners, the movies and the radio. He suggests that all three must be re-evaluated for their social effects. They must cease to regard man as a *mass* whose preferences can be determined in advance. "Americans are not one huge lump." With true creativeness, the arts must nourish forms of

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entertainment which do not merely give the public what it wants, but which are so vital as constantly to draw new segments of the public. "The reduction of man to mass is not an irreversible process."

Future Man—Short, Brown

Man himself is due to undergo some astonishing changes if our planet survives a few more centuries. Take the word of an outstanding anthropologist and bio-chemist, William C. Boyd, now teaching at Boston University School of Medicine. In *Genetics and the Races of Man* (Little Brown, $6.00), Dr. Boyd predicts that the future world state will be largely Asiatic by descent, with the Africans, Americans and Europeans coming in a very bad second indeed. He finds in this no indication of a lowering of the capacities of *homo sapiens.* "The future man," says Dr. Boyd, "will be brachycephalic [broadheaded], perhaps about as tall as present-day inhabitants of Southern Europe, with dark brown eyes, a brown skin, and straight, or perhaps slightly wavy hair." The population of the world will be fairly uniform in appearance, this expert believes—unless atomic bombs and other instruments of destruction wipe out so many of the racial groups now existing that the genetic picture is radically altered.

Trading Words for Bombs

Mention of atomic bombs brings us around to peace and to politics, both among the burning hot topics of our day. In *A Plan for Peace* (Harper, $1.00), Grenville Clark, one of the United States' most distinguished citizens, gives the gist of some pretty shrewd thinking on the problems that face us. It is not to be supposed, he insists, that the most complete disarmament and the most effective means of international conciliation will entirely end the East-West contest. "Two schools of thought now struggle for supremacy. Ours stresses free institutions, the dignity and freedom of the individual, the role of the State as subordinate to the status of the citizens. The other preaches the dogma that

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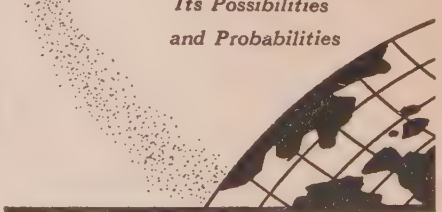

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Books *continued*

the masses will always be exploited by the owners of the 'tools of production' and hence that the State must own nearly all property. Between these systems there is a gulf fixed." He thinks our immediate present-day problem is to keep violence within bounds. After that has been done, Clark believes we want to propagate our own principles and must let the Communists freely propagate theirs.

For a profound yet readable study of the causes and cure of war, look into John U. Nef's *War and Human Progress* (Harvard University Press, $6.50). The author discusses the trend toward total war in its intimate relationship to the history of Western civilization, the industrial revolution, the Christian view of human nature. "War," says the author, "is part of the total problem of modern civilization. The seriousness of wars can be mitigated, therefore, only by the growth of a common community of understanding . . . no longer confined to the Western peoples. A [world] community of the kind toward which we are groping, should be the work of the human mind and spirit, creating now more than ever independently of politics. . . . Just as the common purveyors of news and entertainment make a caricature of the common human being and provide fare for this caricature, so modern states represent only caricatures of the public and the public opinion they are supposed to represent. It is the task of the human mind and spirit to win over these states and the publics they represent by offering them a world totally different from the one which usually confronts them when they pick up the morning paper, switch on the radio, visit the cinema or the prize fighting ring."

Here is work in which a thoughtful person can have a hand in the name of peace. Compare Dr. Nef's thoughts with Gilbert Seldes'—and be amazed how two minds, viewing our world from their separate vantage points, each arrive at a sense of urgent need for replacing the froth, the stupid commercialism, the rationalized deception that often characterize the media of communication and entertainment, for something more real, spiritual and wholesome, more true to the nature of man.

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Trouble in China and Africa

If American heads are forever filled with superficial "escape" literature and its counterpart in televised scenes, it is not sure we will develop that community of understanding with other peoples which Dr. Nef talks about. For this richer knowledge, a quiet hour with a serious book can be a real help. Read Graham Peck's *Two Kinds of Time* (Houghton Mifflin, $4.00), and let him take you into the heart of the long struggle of the Chinese for a better world—a struggle that led inevitably to revolution. The hours you spend in these thrilling pages may bring you to Peck's conclusion—that Americans have neither been very good nor very evil in their relations with China, but that their chief fault lies in refusing to realize they were merely pursuing their own national interest.

Turning from these serious thoughts, if you need a little lighter reading at bedtime, you might dip into the delightful tale of a man who founded his own Utopia in the South Seas. It is *His Majesty O'Keefe* by Lawrence Klingman and Gerald Green (Scribner's, $3.50), the history of Captain David Dean O'Keefe, who fled Savannah in 1870 to escape a presumed murder charge, and after a shipwreck was washed up on the shores of Yap, to become a king.

The story is a rare one, thoroughly entertaining. But alas, today, there are no South Sea Utopias awaiting those who would flee the atomic bomb. There *is* an island on which a Utopia awaits the building—and we are called on to build it there with sweat, and perhaps with tears. Its name you know: the planet World.

The Nations of The United Nations

Seventh of a series of special UNW surveys

Once upon a time . . .

Three small, but economically and culturally strong nations of Western Europe, Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxembourg, are on the way toward forming a full Economic Union, the next best thing to a complete political federation.

Actually there was once a unified state comprising approximately what is now "Benelux." For most of the 15th Century it was the richest state in Europe, in actual bullion, in precious stones, gold and silver plate and magnificent works of art. Its court was the most magnificent in Europe. The daughters of the reigning house could choose their husbands from among kings.

The name of the ducal state was Burgundy, not to be confused with the French district from which the Dukes of Burgundy took their title and from which the world still gets some admirable wines. The Dukes of Burgundy lost the original Burgundy to France but not until they had acquired Flanders and Artois (1384), Namur (1427), Holland, Zeeland, Hainault, Friesland (1428), Brabant and Limburg (1430), Luxembourg (1443), Utrecht (1456), Liège (1468) and Gelderland (1473). Its wealth was based on the English wool trade and on the semi-independent cities of Flanders and Brabant. In Bruges in 1430 Philip the Bold founded the glorious Order of the Golden Fleece, as part of his chivalric dream of recreating a Middle Kingdom between France, Germany and England, a revival of the Carolingian Kingdom.

Burgundy survived for 200 years until it was split in two by the religious wars and the bloody Habsburg persecutions. The dream of a united Middle Kingdom failed. But its inner reality has remained powerful enough to be revived again in the present form of Benelux.

MAP shows the pleasing shape of the three Benelux countries. The borders in broken line still have a political significance, but their economic meaning is negligible and will soon be nil.

By DR. EDMOND JASPAR
Secretary-General,
Benelux Economic Union

Today and Tomorrow

BENELUX is on the march and nothing can stop the accomplishment of its goal.

To skeptics and pessimists, this thesis may appear more or less ambitious.

On September 5, 1944, on the eve of the liberation of the Belgian capital, the Foreign Ministers of Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxembourg, MM. Spaak, van Kleffens and Bech, then in exile in London, signed the famous Belgium-Netherlands-Luxembourg Customs Convention.

This convention foresees the creation, by successive steps, of a tariff union as well as a customs union. It further stipulates that its ultimate goal is to be "the long-term economic union which the Contracting Parties propose to conclude." The task was therefore three-fold: tariff union, customs union, economic union.

Now just how far have these Governments gone? In other words, how is Benelux coming along?

We sincerely feel that both Governments and peoples have in no way abused the trust that had been placed in them. For Benelux (complete economic union) is indeed on the way to realization. And in the very near future the Governments of the Benelux countries will affix their signatures to the treaty of Economic Union.

The progress to date is impressive: On January 1, 1946, the three countries established a customs union

which abolishes all entry duties among Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxembourg, and provides for an identical duty fee on imports from other states.

But the Benelux countries have set their aim further and higher. Early in 1950, a convention for the unification of all excise taxes was signed at The Hague. This treaty provides that, upon ratification by the respective Parliaments, excise taxes on alcohol, beer, sugar, coffee, etc., will be identical in all three countries. A plan for unification of the turnover tax is in the drafting stage, and the three Governments have already agreed on its main principles.

Problems Already Solved

In numerous other fields, problems have either been solved or are on the way to satisfactory solutions. In agriculture, for example, the Conference of Luxembourg (20-21 October, 1950) arrived at a formula that protects Belgian and Luxembourg agriculture while providing the Netherlands with the possibility of importing freely Belgian and Luxembourg agricultural produce.

In the realm of industry, a procedure has been initiated that puts a brake on unjustified and unrealistic industrialization, while taking into account the needs of the three countries and their population.

Thanks to the establishment of the European Payments Union, the financial and monetary problem (nightmare of all supporters of Benelux) has found a temporary solution, perhaps even a lasting one. It cannot be denied that American aid has immeasurably helped the swift and efficient realization of Benelux in this financial field. Due to this assistance—given by direct and indirect means—the Benelux countries were able to equalize their balance of payments, which showed a deficit on the Netherlands side of the ledger.

Further, we feel that the problem of prices and wages no longer requires a special solution. The evolution of prices and wages in the Netherlands, on one hand, and in Belgium and Luxembourg, on the other, is such that one can confidently expect them to meet very soon on an equal level. And here it is important to call particular attention to the fact that in an economic union, prices and wages need not necessarily be the same in all countries, any more than they are the same in all sections of the United States.

There is one salient fact that arises when one considers the progress realized by the official organisms of Benelux. Since the Pre-Union Agreement, which became effective on October 1, 1949, reciprocal trade among the Benelux countries has been gradually freed of all restrictions, obstacles and licensing procedures to the extent that, at present, 91% of this bilateral trade is completely free. This is indeed a shining example for all those concerned with the abolition of restrictions to international economic exchange!

At the outset we stated as our thesis that the Economic Union was on the way to accomplishment of its ultimate goal. For additional proof we can call attention to the fact that whenever the three countries attend international conferences (Geneva, Annecy, Torquay, OEEC), they do so more and more as a single unit, and are represented by a common delegation. Moreover, since the Ostend Conference (July 1950), the Benelux countries are in process of harmonizing and coordinating their foreign trade policies. These discussions are progressing so satisfactorily that they will surely lead, around the first of 1951, to the conclusion of trade and payment agreements between Benelux—as an entity—and other countries of the world.

Benelux is really on the march. There is not the shadow of a doubt that the three countries will do their job in accomplishing the task to which they harnessed themselves with good-will, friendship and understanding. And there is not the shadow of a doubt that, barring unforeseen calamities, the treaty of Economic Union will be signed by the three Governments at the great Benelux Conference to be held at The Hague this month.

It will be an event full of hope and of significant consequences, first for the Belgian, Dutch and Luxembourg peoples, and then for Europe and the whole world. For Benelux is indeed the test case of European and world economic cooperation. If Benelux were to fail, which is impossible, all hope of other cooperation would be illusory. Benelux means the creation of a new economic entity, a unique market of three countries, in which there will be free interchange of goods and capital, and freedom of travel.

Final Aim: Complete Integration

To get a clear idea of this union, one must realize that the national economies of the three countries are fused in the new economy of the Union. In this Union, there will be no obstacles, no restrictions, no barriers. Duties, excise taxes, will be unified. Attempts are also being made to unify legislation in the field of public health. A special commission is charged with the task of unifying large portions of international law and commercial regulations. In short, in all fields that have bearing on economic life, unification is being sought.

To avoid any misunderstanding, we want to call particular attention to the fact that the three countries, while fusing into an Economic Union, remain nonetheless sovereign and independent states. The three peoples each keep their dynasty and their national institutions, but they are united in the economic field by close cooperation.

It goes without saying that to reach a complete flowering of this Economic Union, the creation of several Benelux organs must be foreseen. Thus the draft treaty of the Union, which will be submitted for approval and signature by the Governments, plans the establishment, as common organs of the Union, of a Committee of Ministers, an Administrative Council of the Union, a Court of Claims and Arbitration, and a General Secretariat.

Spokesmen for Benelux

For Holland: PRIME MINISTER WILLEM DREES

THE foundation of the United Nations was a resumption of the efforts, first embodied in the League of Nations, to promote the establishment of an international system of law and order by means of organized co-operation of the various peoples.

The chances appeared to be more favourable than they had been for the League of Nations. The two most powerful states in the world, the United States of America and Russia, did not hold aloof, but were among the founders. Even those who continued to be aware of the existence of fundamental antitheses could cherish the hope that world peace could be regarded as ensured for a long time to come.

The illusions have melted into thin air. Only five years after the termination of the second world war, the relations are worse than anyone could have surmised. This does not mean that the work of the United Nations has been of no importance. There have been disputes whereby the fuel for a world conflagration only awaited the touch of a match, but which could be circumscribed and confined territorially and sometimes even brought to a successful conclusion.

Splendid work has been done in the social, economic and hygienic spheres; the specialized organizations deserve great praise and their work is still vigorously developing. Famines have been alleviated and in some cases prevented. Infectious diseases are being combatted on a large scale and hygienic conditions improved.

All this is important and it demonstrates the value that international co-operation can have. But it is not decisive. The peoples of the world long for more. What is the permanent value of all that is being done for health, welfare, reconstruction, if a devastating war may sweep over the countries at any moment? The most urgent need of all of us is that we and our children and grandchildren be able to live in peace and maintain our freedom.

Alas, no certainty can be given. The only road, however, that can make the favourable chances as great as possible is that of collective security. Aggressive powers must know that it will no longer be possible, as it was during the Hitler regime, to attack country after country, but that an aggressor will encounter the joint resistance of many countries. The League of Nations failed, mainly because many of the member countries did not understand how imperative the principle must be: resist the beginning!

The United Nations work laboriously, especially on account of the veto. In Korea, however, it has been possible to make the idea of collective security a living reality, even though the United States of America has had to shoulder a disproportionate part of the task.

It is gratifying that efforts are now being made to give the Assembly greater possibilities of active intervention. But as long as it is not certain that the United Nations will always act as a unit for the protection of peace, regional agreements such as the Atlantic Pact will be indispensable.

A small country like the Netherlands must not shirk the obligations thus entailed, nor does it desire to do so. It has borne witness to this by furnishing a modest contribution for the struggle in Korea. It hopes also to do its duty within the framework of the Atlantic Pact, in particular as regards the protection of Western Europe.

For Belgium: PRIME MINISTER JOSEPH PHOLIEN

THE Belgians are an independent people. I do not merely seek to point out the fact that they won the right to proclaim this 120 years ago. I would like to call attention to a trait—*the* trait—of their character. It is inscribed in every page of our history. It explains, in most cases, their reactions in social life, in political life, in economic life.

And, nevertheless, we upheld the idea of a League of Nations after 1918. And, without reserve, we rallied around the ideal of the United Nations as conceived by the great President Roosevelt.

And, if independence is a characteristic of our temperament, nothing permits us to remain indifferent to the destiny of Europe, or to withdraw egotistically within ourselves.

Situated at the crossroads of the West our country depends on her neighbors for survival. Europe buys 70% of our products. She is the mainstay of our international trade and the chief source of raw materials for our manufactures.

When war strikes it makes of us a battlefield. When

trouble assails we immediately suffer the consequences. It is when peace reigns that we can fulfill our role of the betwixt—and—between country. Our independence was born in 1830 with Europe's aid. Our liberty after the aggressions of 1914 and 1940 was given back to us by the great European Guarantors. Europe is more than just our interest. It is our culture. So many things have passed between Europe and us. We have given her so much and she has done so much for us, that it is easy to understand why, notwithstanding our spirit of independence, we agree so readily to the effort of building a European Organization within the framework of the UN.

Europe must be built. Everybody says so. Yet, European integration comes all too slowly.

In the anguish which recalls the price exacted, and the horrors that may yet come, because of the errors of improvidence on the part of the West, Belgium is right in affirming that as far as she is concerned there has been no haggling in effort. She promoted Benelux after having concluded a customs and economic union with the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. She proffered her cooperation in all efforts proposed for the remodeling of Europe. She sent to Strasbourg, and to Paris, and to the UN, representatives who were highly qualified. She consented—without niggardliness—to the heavy burdens of security exacted by the signatories of the Atlantic Pact.

This desire to enter into the very heart of European effort was expressed with equal vigor by each of the Belgian governments. It is the desire of all our people, with the exception perhaps, of those who in matters of foreign policy are accustomed to referring to directives and demands that originate in foreign soil.

Belgium has not forgotten the sacrifices offered her by American citizens. For Americans, she is the land where so many of their sons, who fell in the first and second World Wars, repose.

If the elements which make up Europe resolve themselves, if a relationship of intimate collaboration establishes itself among the nations of the West, if that unity which we seek above all is built, our country will not forget that it was with American aid that we reached our goal.

We have, thanks to America, twice retained our faith in the victory of a just cause. It is thanks to her that we still believe in liberty. Our veterans, brothers in arms of American heroes, will cease to fear for liberty if the United States achieves all that it has begun.

For Luxembourg: PRIME MINISTER PIERRE DUPONG

LOOKING back on several years of Benelux cooperation, we can measure the work which has already been done since the Governments of Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxembourg signed on September 5th, 1944 the London Agreement with a view to establishing an economic union among these three countries. If so far we have not totally succeeded in our aim, this free union of neighbours nevertheless gives the world its best example of full international solidarity and cooperation.

On January 1st, 1948 a Tariff Union was started. Since the Conference of Luxembourg in October 1949, more than 90 per cent of the exchange of industrial products is free. Many differences in policy concerning prices and taxes have disappeared, and even at the last Benelux Conference of October 1950, the difficult agricultural problem has been brought to what is for this moment a satisfactory solution. The three countries will join their efforts in their trading policy in foreign markets, and some multilateral agreements in the social as well as legislative sphere are the result of our will to bring us nearer to our aim.

When Benelux sees daylight next year, it will constitute a most powerful economic entity. With its population of 18 million inhabitants and its industrial and agricultural production, it will be one of the richest unions of the world.

In spite of the minuteness of our country (Luxembourg measures 1000 square miles and on her territory live 300,000 people) the Grand Duchy brings into the new combination a far more important economic contribution than one would suppose.

Steel and iron production is the life-blood of Luxembourg's economy. Luxembourg was the eighth in rank among the steel-producing countries of the world. Twenty-five blast furnaces out of a total of thirty-two are again in operation.

Agriculture, too, plays a vital part. 40 per cent of the people are chiefly occupied in farming and in the breeding of cattle, pigs and horses. Our leather industry located chiefly in the northern part, the "E'sleck" or Ardennes highlands, is responsible for 50 per cent of the total production of the Belgo-Luxembourg Economic Union.

What Luxembourg expects from Benelux is an extension of markets for her mining and steel industry, also for her leather industry. We earnestly hope that our Moselle wines, which are so highly appreciated in Belgium, will equally find their way to the Dutch customer, who even now is eagerly asking for them. We hope that soon the barriers will be pulled down which still keep out of Luxembourg the Dutch tourists who, before the last world war, visited in great numbers our beautiful towns and villages.

If we could give some protection to the Luxembourg agricultural production which nowadays and still for some years to come is threatened by the Dutch, Luxembourg will without any restriction salute the new era of close Belgian and Dutch economic cooperation. We watch with satisfaction how each day is bringing us nearer and nearer to our aim, that is, to the building of a solid economic union. If we succeed in reestablishing free trade and free economic life in our three countries, Benelux will stand as a model for a unified Europe of tomorrow.

NEtherlands

DUTCH economy, history and daily life are a series of dialogues with the elements, water, wind and earth. This landscape reflects the very core of the Hollander's existence.

This He Left to the Dutch

By DR. LAURENTIUS N. DECKERS

Member, Privy Council of the Netherlands,
President, Netherlands National Tourist Office

EACH must find the secret of Holland for himself. Some will discover it suddenly as they come to a turn on a winding road and see before them the transcendent quiet glory of the polder-landscape flushed by the setting sun. Others will find it some night in an old moonlit marketplace closed in by gabled houses in a moment when the certainty comes that the hour is really midnight, 1450 A. D. Some will recognize it in a sailboat, gliding between green meadows and grazing cattle with the clear Dutch sky overhead. Another will experience this self-identification with Holland while lying on one of the wide, soft North Sea beaches or walking knee-deep in a field of tulips. But somehow, somewhere, the stranger will find Holland as a place whose quiet is very quiet and whose peacefulness flows very deep. This is the secret of Holland.

A little of this was expressed by the South African writer, Ela Spence, who arriving by plane said that her first view of Holland from the air made her think of a huge picture book: "I could hardly get to the ground soon enough to starting turning the pages." It is true that much of Holland has a strangely dreamlike appearance, reviving memories of childhood as a scene that is both quite unknown and entirely familiar.

For Holland is a repeated paradox: old and new, romantic and sober, traditional and progressive, thrifty and hospitable, fiercely proud and patriotic and yet world-minded.

In the big cities you will see advanced modern architecture in glass and steel. At Schiphol airport at Amsterdam you will find one of the most modern, efficient airports in Europe. But a few steps away, is a narrow backstreet leading to a medieval square with a beautiful ancient pump; little red-tiled 17th Century houses complete with step-gables reflected in lazy moats and canals; old warehouses which seem still to breathe the odors of the spices brought here by the East India Company across all the seven seas when the Dutch were famous and feared as a sea power.

If you make the "Grand Tour of the Zuyderzee," you will visit many of the so-called "dead" cities. They are dead insofar as their one-time importance as markets for the East India Company is concerned. The excited noise of the crowds watching the then enormous "Indievaarders" arriving and departing, has died out long since. The clatter of the heavily-laden freight-cars drawn by big sturdy horses over

the cobble-streets, has been gone for more than 300 years. But what remains are the houses, the streets, the harbours, the beautiful churches and "Raedthuysen" (town halls), and the people.

In many of those places you will find the people the same as their ancestors 300 years ago, at least outwardly. They still wear the traditional costumes, differing in every locality, and often beautiful examples can be seen of that rare combination of art and usefulness. If you walk through one of these "dead" towns you see exactly the same scene which inspired many of the paintings of the Dutch Masters.

Lying at the crossing of Europe's most important trade routes, and situated in the delta of three big rivers, the Rhine, the Meuse and the Scheldt, Holland has for centuries been a cultural, economic, political and social centre.

Starting as an independent nation in 1648, at the conclusion of the 80 Years War for Freedom from Spain, Holland became what is known as a constitutional monarchy in 1814.

The Four Freedoms have always been essential to the Dutch way of thinking and no price has ever been thought too high to ensure the rights of true democracy. When the Spanish oppression under Philip II became unbearable and the Inquisition was the answer to the Dutch plea for more political and religious freedom, they fought the powerful Spanish army back, though it took them 80 crushing years to do it. In 1813, the French army which had conquered Holland in 1795, was driven out. During the cruel German occupation from 1940 to 1945, the Dutch national spirit of independence had to bend, but it was never broken.

This country, which brought forth great thinkers like Erasmus and Hugo de Groot, the founder of international law, has always been considered a haven of liberty by those seeking refuge from tyranny and oppression. In 1685, more than 10,000 French Huguenots settled down in Holland, having barely escaped bloody Bartholomew Night.

The stranger may be surprised by

OLD AND YOUNG in Vollendam wear the traditional garb: females, the winged starched cap; males, baggy pants and brimless caps.

THE POETRY of Dutch tulip fields is mirrored in this picture taken at Lisse

ALKMAAR, the cheese capital, with the market, the canal and the swinging bridge

THE PRECISION of the haystacks at Slenaken speaks well of the sterling Dutch farmer

This He Left to the Dutch *continued*

the variations of terrain. In the west, along the North Sea coast, are the wide beaches beyond the yellow dunes, sheltering the polders behind them. In the east, are sand, purple heather and dark forests; in the north, green meadows and the beautiful Frisian lake district; in the south the hills of Limburg, beside the wide spacious beauty of Brabant, bordered by the islands of Zeeland.

The Dutch polderland has a quiet, refreshing beauty all its own. Stretching to the distant horizon, it is traversed by innumerable ditches, straight as arrows, and protected from the sea by dykes. The latter have always played an important role in Dutch life, which is characterized by the battle against the sea. Who does not know the story of little Peter, the hero of Haarlem, who saved the town from being flooded by putting his finger in a hole in the dyke and keeping it there one whole night? The Dutch soberly reason that this was impossible because the whole dyke instead of having one small round hole would have crumbled entirely. Yet they have graciously accepted the story as a symbol of the everlasting war against the sea. Recently they even dedicated to the youth of Holland a statue representing this fanciful American story. This statue can be seen at the little village of Spaarndam near Haarlem.

Another characteristic of the Dutch landscape is the windmill. When US Under-Secretary of War Louis Johnson visited Holland to attend the Military Conference of the Atlantic Pact at The Hague this year, he refused to believe that the many mills he saw were real. He put them down as a special publicity stunt thought up by the Netherlands National Tourist Office. They are real enough, however, and the Dutch people gratefully remember the important work they did during the war, when most of the normal power plants could not be operated, owing to lack of fuel.

Holland truly deserves the name "the Garden of Europe," especially in spring. Springtime is bulbtime in Holland, and it is one of those things which have to be seen to be believed. Around the middle of March the first bulbs, the crocuses, begin to blossom, and then it is not long before the whole country behind the dunes, between Leyden and Haarlem, is flaming with the tender beauty of millions and millions of multicolored flowers. To mark the occasion each year, many festivities are organized, such as floral parades, exhibitions, Tulip Rallies, the Tulip Festival Tours. At the National Flower Show, "The Keukenhof," millions of the loveliest flowers blossom in the magnificent surroundings of the 15th century hunting lodge of Countess Jacoba of Bavaria, beautiful, intriguing one-time ruler of Holland.

At about the same time the orchards of the Betuwe, Zuid-Beveland and Limburg are well worth a visit. However, almost the whole year round you will see flowers everywhere. A unique experience is a visit to the flower auctions at Aalsmeer, where every day thousands of flowers and pot plants are sold.

That the land of Rembrandt should possess imposing collections of paintings of the great 17th century, masters such as Rembrandt, Frans Hals, Jan Steen, Johannes Vermeer, is self-evident. No self-respecting tourist "doing" Amsterdam ever fails to admire Rembrandt's *Nachtwacht* (The Night Watch) in the Rijksmuseum; or in Haarlem, to enjoy Frans Hals' "The Laughing Drinker" in the museum named after him; or in The Hague to look at Paulus Potter's "Bull" in the Mauritshuis—to mention only a few of the best-known works of art of the Dutch school of painting. Altogether there are more than 200 museums. Lovers of modern art can also enjoy it to the full, for instance, in the Kroller Muller Museum near Arnhem where a rich collection of the works of Vincent van Gogh can be admired.

This account has not even touched on the famous tourist resorts of Volendam and Marken, the Alkmaar cheese market, Gouda and Delft. Any tourist office can describe these.

But the climactic marvel of Holland is really the new land lying on the bottom of the former Zuyderzee, reclaimed from the sea by the Great Barrier, "*de Afsluitdijk*." Of this the Dutch are perhaps proudest of all.

For there is an old saying: "The Lord created the Earth, all but Holland; this He left to the Dutch."

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The Port of Courage

By H. A. UDO de HAES

Secretary of the Board, Port of Rotterdam

ROTTERDAM has just finished writing one of the most magnificent chapters in the history of human endeavor. The Port of Rotterdam, which only five years ago was a mass of ruins, whose world-famous loading bridges with the exception of 2, whose drydocks with the exception of 3, were destroyed, whose equipment had either disappeared in Germany or lay helplessly on the destroyed quays, is once again the leading continental port of Europe. As if the Nazi armies had not been satisfied with the wilful and useless destruction of the center of Rotterdam in May 1940, they decided, with the fury of the loser, in the fall of 1944, to wipe out the very heart of Rotterdam—its magnificent harbor. The generals who ordered destruction of the harbor made one more mistake in imagining that free men would let the ruins stand for long. As soon as the city was liberated the work of rebuilding the port of Rotterdam began.

Today the city is rebuilt sufficiently and the harbor so completely that one can no longer talk of reconstruction but of growth and expansion. The Rotterdam harbor people have a tradition of tenacity which is almost unparalleled in history. Their ambition is to be the best equipped, the most efficient and the most economical harbor in Europe. Their desire is to be constantly ahead of the needs.

Today there are 210 cranes on quays, 12 loading-bridges, 76 floating cranes, 14 floating grain elevators, 20,500 yards of quays for sea-going vessels and berthing accommodation for 243 sea-going vessels.

Rotterdam is an informal harbor. By a tacit understanding between customs authorities, port administration, shippers and brokers, the ships are let in with the least possible number of formalities and unloading operations start at once.

Of course the customs officer is there to make the necessary verifications, but his job is speeded so as not to lose a single hour, for the people in Rotterdam know the value of time. As soon as the merchandise has left the ship, there are innumerable warehouses and sheds awaiting it, or the cargo is transshipped under the most favorable conditions with trains, trucks and barges standing by. What Rotterdam has achieved is remarkable not only because of the gigantic physical effort of reconstruction, but particularly because of its spirit of international trade. The slogan "Freer than a free port" which is Rotterdam's *leitmotiv*, is constantly being tested, to reconfirm its truth.

Regarding labor matters the Port of Rotterdam showed a remarkable stability. All employers and all companies which occupy themselves with the handling of goods in the port, who are organized into a professional association, have realized that one of the most important conditions for the progress and prosperity of the port is peace between employers and employees. They started their own social reforms such as old age pensions, health and accident insurance, and negotiated collective agreements with the dockworkers, which resulted in a practically strike-free period of five years.

Today, with the battle of reconstruction ended, the port of Rotterdam is fighting another life-and death struggle, the struggle for its pre-war cargo. Before the war, between 1930 and 1939, the port of Rotterdam annually handled an average of 32 million tons of sea-borne goods, with the top year 1938 showing 42,000,000 tons. In 1945 this fell to 2 million. By unceasing efforts, in 1949, it reached 21 million tons. In 1950 it will reach 24 million.

In view of the fluctuating volume of traffic, due to economic ebbs and flows the port has developed extraordinary facilities for industrial establishments. The oil industries such as Dutch Shell, Caltex and others were among the first to take advantage of the geographic location and favorable labor conditions and established vast refineries which are fed by Middle East oil. There is no industry, whether consumer goods or heavy industry, whether shipbuilding or ship-repairing, which does not function in greater or lesser degree in the port of Rotterdam. An assembling plant of Kaiser-Frazer is one of the latest establishments. But Rotterdam wants more. It wants to use fully its equipment, so as to serve today when defense of the Western world is the need of the hour, as one of the great economic centers of trade among the Atlantic nations. It wants to help bring closer the Americas and Europe, Asia and Africa, waiting for the day when a better political climate will permit the resumption of trade with the Soviet world.

If the Hollander is by instinct a trader, the Rotterdammer is a shipper and transshipper. The people in and around the harbor have a mentality of their own, which is best characterized by the motto of the city "Stronger through Struggle". The past of Rotterdam, with its seven hundred years of market town privileges and civic rights, with its tradition of "merchant adventurers", with its attempts to keep the port accessible, with the century-old history of fighting the sea and the sand, is revered by all. But in day-to-day life, Rotterdam prefers to look to the future. Its ambition is to become the first UN harbor of Europe.

The Dutch Against the Tide

By J. L. HELDRING

Former Associate Foreign Editor, Nieuwe Rotterdamse Courant

FEW economies have been so greatly disrupted by World War II as the economy of the Netherlands. While recovery in other countries was often roughly a question of repairing what had been destroyed, Holland had to find a completely new basis for its economy.

The three mainstays of Holland's pre-war economy were: 1) free trade, or what is now called more professorially, multilateralism; 2) the overseas investments, especially in Indonesia; 3) the Central European "hinterland."

The Hollanders have always been the traders of the world. The soil of their own country did not contain much wealth. So they sailed the seven seas, brought home the products of distant lands and traded them with the goods other Dutch sailors brought from other shores, keeping the profits for themselves. This unhampered trade was the source of Holland's wealth. Dutchmen could only thrive in the atmosphere of free trade.

The huge amounts of capital earned by this traffic were invested in enterprises far from home. Indonesia's riches could only be exploited —for the benefit of the country itself and of the whole world—because of the billions the Dutch poured into it. Later on, Dutch money was invested in other countries also, specifically in the young republic of the United States. All these investments, of course, helped the motherland attain a high standard of living for its own population.

During the second part of the 19th and the early part of the 20th centuries, Holland also benefited greatly from the rise of Germany as an economic power. Holland, situated on the mouth of Western Europe's greatest natural highway, the Rhine, was the natural entry to the bustling Ruhr and other industrial areas of Central Europe.

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World War II brought a great change into this picture of activity and energy. Of course, the war raged over Holland several times, accompanied by death and destruction. Holland showed the usual picture of a war-torn country, though it suffered more material damage than any other Western European country. But the problems resulting from this kind of calamity were shared by Holland with many other countries. The same energy and the same perseverance were displayed by the Dutch people as by others in trying to restore the familiar surroundings. Maybe the Dutch, who like to live in a neat and clean house, have been still more successful than others in conjuring the image of normalcy.

The appealing picture which Holland, five years after the war, shows to both tourist and native is somewhat deceptive, however. It does show the amazing reconstruction of nearly all external damage, of bridges, roads, houses and so on. But it does not show the effects, on the *basis* of Dutch economy, of the landslide that was caused by the war.

After the war every country locked itself up within its own frontiers, in order to work strenuously and uninterruptedly towards its own recovery. No ill effects of this *retraite en masse* were felt as long as it was a question of repairing the damage and raising the production to its pre-war levels. Once these aims were accomplished, however (largely thanks to the timely aid of the Marshall Plan), the problem has arisen as to how to establish the normal and free exchange of products. The first post-war years of intense preoccupation with national problems had to some degree strengthened the national economic egotisms and habits of each country. This is a problem which is particularly vital to Holland, whose traditional prosperity was based on a free flow of goods all over the world. As long as this free international market has not been restored, Holland will not have recovered its position as international trader and broker.

The second mainstay of Holland's pre-war economy, its overseas investments, is also still in a very shaky position. The Dutch investments in the United States have in a large part been liquidated in order to sustain the Allied war effort and, after the war, in order to bridge the period before the Marshall Plan's inception when Holland dearly needed products which could only be purchased with dollars. As to the multi-million investments in Indonesia, they are safeguarded by the 1949 Round Ta-

ble Agreement between the Netherlands and Indonesia. To what extent their revenues will again bolster the Dutch economy depends greatly on the internal situation in that recently independent country.

Holland's "hinterland" has in recent years experienced a remarkable recovery. Holland's traditional role of transit carrier has regained strength in proportion. But this "hinterland" does not extend beyond Western Germany. The Iron Curtain has split Germany in half and, for all practical purposes, shut off Eastern Europe from any free Dutch enterprise.

* * *

This being the case—the basic supports of Dutch economy being, to say the least, questionable—Holland had to find other devices than the traditional ones. In order to feed the increased number of Dutch mouths (nine million in 1940, 10 million in 1950) Holland could depend less on the revenues from liquidated investments and had to depend more on its own exports to pay for its necessary imports. In 1949, Holland's exports covered 72 per cent of its imports. This figure must be increased considerably. It is roughly the same as the pre-war figure; then, however, the deficit was covered largely by revenues from now non-existent overseas investments. At present, Marshall Aid must still help out. The Netherlands has received a total of $792,807,000 in allocations since the inception of the Marshall Plan.

If Holland wants to export more, it must produce more. In September 1950, the average daily production index reached a level of 151, on the basis of 1938 equaling 100. It is not only the necessity for more exports paying for the same amount of imports, which calls for an extensive program of industrialization, but also the urgency of absorbing into industry annually 45,000 new workers looking for a job. In 1952, according to the government's industrialization plan, 5.8 billion guilders must be invested in new industries or in the expansion of existing ones. Of this amount, 2.2 billion guilders have already been invested since 1948.

Briefly, these are Holland's specific problems and the specific solutions which the Netherlands Government is applying to them. This does not mean that the government is losing sight of those problems which are not specifically Dutch but which happen to affect Dutch economy more than any other economy. While trying to find domestic solutions to domestic problems, the Dutch Government has always emphasized the necessity of finding international solutions. That is why already in 1944, it concluded the Benelux agreement with Belgium and Luxembourg. It is still the only real experiment in European integration.

The Dutch Government is keenly aware of the Dutch economy being closely knit with that of other countries. For Holland, a kind of economic autarchy is out of the question. It has shown its readiness to accept the consequences of this awareness. The trade liberalization directives prescribed by the Organization of European Economic Cooperation have been more than fully carried out by Holland, with rather disadvantageous results for its 1950 trade balance. The government, however, realizes that integration means initial sacrifices for at least some of the participating countries. If all countries would show the same willingness, this period of initial sacrifices would be greatly shortened. Not only because of the high common interests at stake but also purely because of self-interest, the Netherlands Government unceasingly urges the European countries to unite. In its own modest way it tries to show the way.

AIRVIEW of the irrigation canals near Alblasserdam. The land here averages a level of about 7 feet below the Amsterdam zero mark and is used mainly for cattle breeding, hemp cultivation etc. The water mills drain water off into collecting canals.

Parnassus in Amsterdam

By BENJAMIN HUNNINGHER
Queen Wilhelmina Professor, Columbia University

SINCE the days of Rembrandt, and even earlier, Amsterdam has been the center of cultural life in The Netherlands. Why? Because of its numerous museums and other art institutions? They did not exist in his time, and now they can be found in other Dutch cities too. Or is Amsterdam the chosen home of leading artists? Jan van Scorel lived in Utrecht, Vermeer in Delft, Frans Hals in Haarlem, van Gogh in southern Brabant. And in accordance with this tradition the modern Dutch painters, authors and poets are scattered over the whole country too.

But they all come to the capital regularly to "get some fresh air in their lungs." For the old proverb still holds: town air makes one free; and most of all in this town, which has been the champion of freedom and tolerance through a long and often bitter history.

It seems that the atmosphere of Amsterdam stimulates individualism and independence. And nowhere does communication among artists seem less dangerous and yet more attractive than here. They turn up from all parts of the country and gather in passionate discussions at the various artist's clubs and cafés around the Municipal Theatre on the Leidse Plein, the square that connects the old and the new city.

That theatre is more an accidental than a symbolic center here, for a vivid interest in the art of the stage cannot be counted as one of the virtues of modern Dutch authors. The state and the four big cities support several repertory companies, which not only play in their own municipal theaters, but also go on the road regularly. Two of them are in Amsterdam, but Dutch plays appear in their repertory relatively seldom. To be sure, the tragedies of Joost van den Vondel, the great poet of the 17th century, are often produced, but native dramatic talent does not show itself very often these days. An average of six original plays in a season of usually fifty premieres is certainly not satisfactory.

It is difficult to give a reason for this. One can only say that Dutch art in general is characterized by strong realism with tendencies towards farce, as in the paintings of Jan Steen, but, on the other hand, by a tendency towards intimacy and meditation.

Metaphysical Poetry

This second trend sometimes reaches the real depths of human existence, as in Rembrandt's work. Some decades ago realism lost its appeal for the Dutch artist. Who in this disenchanted generation can fully enjoy it, let alone enter into its mood of mockery? Reflection with a metaphysical bent has gained the dominant position.

From an international standpoint this is deplorable. The area of the Dutch language is fairly small; together with Flanders it embraces 15 million people. And only in this limited circle can those poets be understood and appreciated. Novels, essays and plays may be translated without too great a loss in literary value, but in poetry, and especially in lyric poetry, so much of the real meaning and emotion is conveyed by the sound and the rhythm of the words, that a translation in the sounds and rhythms of another language is nearly impossible.

This is the reason why the most important modern Dutch literature is entirely unknown abroad. The foreigner who saunters along the terrace cafés of the Leidse Plein, will not recognize the poet who is sitting there at one of the little tables. But the people around him know him as Adriaan Roland Holst. They don't let on (autograph-hunting is not a popular sport in Holland) but they all honor him as the leading poet of the Netherlands. He does not live in the city, but far away, out on the dunes, near the sea which often shows itself in his verses. For the sea awakes in him the vision of "the magic land beyond," where life is without crack or flaw, without baseness or mediocrity, where only harmony and strength prevail. That vision sometimes compels Roland Holst to rage against the corruption of materialism or to fight against political degeneracy as courageously as he did during the Nazi occupation.

Probably he is not sitting alone. A lonely poet does not need to be a lonely man. Accidentally and as conveniently as in a novel Martinus Nijhoff sits next to him, and this means an animated, sharp-witted and penetrating conversation. A sophisticated scholar and a poet of exceptional imaginative powers, Nijhoff lives in an old house in The Hague, the remains of a mediaeval monastery. It is a symbol. For his clear and lucid verses reflect the tension between his yearning for the simple Faith of long ago and the temptations of the glorious earth. We discover that too in the

melodious verses of the Catholic poet Jan Engelman of Utrecht, but for this baroque spirit, heaven and earth are not so far apart as they are for Nijhoff in his tragic dualism.

If all the active poets of the older generation were to be mentioned here, we should certainly have to pull up another table for the lyrical, yet melancholy Jaques Bloem, for the severe stylist and cosmopolitan spirit, van Eyck, for the humanistic Anthonie Donker, and for the sonnet-writer Keuls.

Missing are those who formed the connection with the younger generation: Marsman, du Perron, and ter Braak died during the war. During the years before 1940 they fought for a new literary art, which took up not aestheticism but the problems of those times which, they were convinced, would prove to be problems for many generations to come. Ter Braak especially, with his fierce and brilliant essays, fought passionately against the myths threatening culture —myths in which the several mobs of herd animals sought security from the immensity of life.

His influence on the postwar generation has been very strong, though nobody has succeeded him as a spiritual leader or as essayist. Among his contemporaries, his equals are van Vrieslandt, Binnendijk and the defender of Catholicism, Anton van Duinkerken. All three are still in the prime of their careers. But except for isolated examples like Gomperts and Wiersma the younger generation is concentrating again on lyric poetry and, fortunately, on the novel.

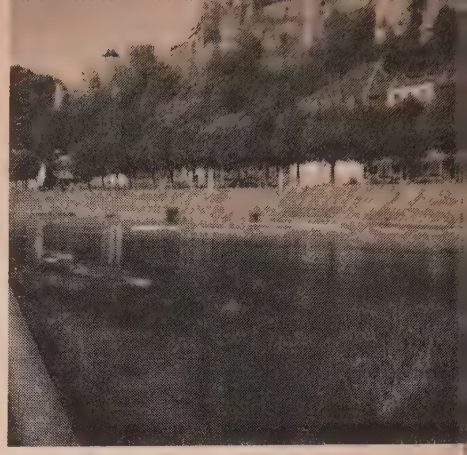
The tourist, still sauntering along the terrace cafés of the Leidse Plein, will not easily come across these young poets. For the minstrel Bertus Aafjes roams around Europe or Africa, the imaginative poet Vasalis is too busy with her psychiatric practice, Gerrit Achterberg writes his cryptic and magnetic verses far from the turmoil of the city, and L. Vroman, who has just received a prize for his poetry, does scientific research at Rutgers University.

But it is possible that this tourist will find more to attract his eye among the novelists. It is easy to catch a glimpse of Simon Vestdijk in Amsterdam, but no more than that. This former physician and now most prolific of all Dutch authors has no time for placid café discussions. During the last year he published five highly interesting novels besides a score of essays. Among the novels was *Puritans and Pirates,* a book about the life and fate of Faneuil, the shipbuilder of 18th century Boston. In the same year *Lonely Adventure* by Anna Blaman aroused a storm in the literary teacup with its exclusive and stubborn attention to the sexual element in love. Far deeper and more refined are Jo Boer's visions of life as in *Melancholy of the Lost Years,* and the sardonic analyses by Jeanne van Schaik Willink.

It is obvious that the days of the great Dutch novelists Louis Couperus and Arthur van Schendel have passed. In the southern part of the country and in Flanders the prewar art of Anton Coolen, Teirlink, Elsschot and Walschap still flourishes. Lately a new shoot has unexpectedly sprouted here with the novels of the poet Marnix Gijsen, who lives in New York. His bitter parable *Joachim van Babylon* belongs to the best of what has been published in the Dutch language since the war.

In the meantime, the youngest generation is arduously and stubbornly searching out its own way to a new art of the novel. They are focusing particularly on the short story as is demonstrated by the contents of many literary magazines published in the Netherlands. Which of these authors will come to the fore is difficult to guess now. Whoever they may be and wherever they may live, they too will certainly uphold the tradition. They too will travel regularly to Amsterdam for some fresh air and for a literary debate at the terrace cafés of that colorful square lying between old and modern times.

SIDEWALK CAFÉS like this one on the Leidse Plein are a characteristic feature of the literary, artistic and social life of Amsterdam



SUNNY path in the Ardennes and the Semois flowing through Bouillon, the village from which Godfrey set out on his crusade.

Little Roads and Rivers

By DONALD BALLANTINE

THE little gravel roads of Belgium and Luxemburg seldom lead to high adventure. They are modest roads, joining modest villages whose only ostentations are the scars of recent battle. But unless your taste is for conscientiously ticking off the art, architecture and restaurants listed in the guidebooks, you'll find rich compensation on these country lanes. The protective indifference of city people is a thing unknown here. Belgians—at least the French-speaking branch of the family—have a way of singing *Bonjour, M'sieu* at you, so that it becomes a sort of ceremonial benediction. The first thing you know, you have picked up the trick yourself, and your progress down the road is punctuated with these musical greetings. In a way it sets the tone of your journey. No one could feel disagreeable when every conversation begins with a scrap of melody.

I have forgotten the architectural details of the huge chateau on the Meuse, whose long garden wall, bordering the road, offered an irresistible invitation to pause for a smoke in the shade. But I remember with curious pleasure the urbane affability of the gardener on the other side of the wall, who seemed not the least astonished when two strange heads peered over the bricks and plied him with endless questions. Dixmude would be only a town with too many hotels and pathetically too few patrons were it not for the innkeeper's daughter who, during the occupation, had been allowed to play an active part in the Belgian underground, despite the fact that she was not yet 17 years old. Between bites of roast duck, and later, far into the evening, we learned from her the story of those tragic times, the bitter hostility that broke out between neighbors under the stress of war, the incredible heroism of those who risked their lives to smuggle Allied aviators through German control points to secret landing strips in the interior.

I remember with particular affection the custodian of an ancient fortress-chateau, so battered by the centuries that it was known simply as "The Ruins," and so off the beaten track that we were the only visitors to wander with him over its crumbling walls. He was clearly no ordinary guide. A small, slender man with a great mass of hair that swept almost to his shoulders in back, he might have been—except for a certain diffidence—the reincarnation of one of those appallingly belligerent little medieval knights who claimed dominion from this hilltop. Actually, he told us, he had been a fighter pilot with the RAF; and by what obscure act of renunciation he had chosen this remote vocation one could only guess. But I wonder if it was entirely imagination that made us feel that he was somehow a part of the setting. The thought dogged us as we leaned over the parapets with him, tracing in the ruined masonry the outlines of forgotten history. "Here," he said, pointing at a stone-lined pit, "is where the prisoners were thrown." (Or could he, with just a trace of hauteur, have said "our prisoners?") And waving toward the tranquil fields below, "Here is where the enemy came and set up their siege machines. The castle didn't fall until all food supplies and water were gone. Then those that remained tried to escape by a secret passage" (it was so tiny that only a man of his stature could have crept through it) "but they were captured and put to death."

These random conversations sometimes lead to glimpses into the very heart of the people. At Nieuport, under a sullen sky, a group of burly Flemish fishermen were shoveling English sole, like lumps of coal, into barrels on the pier. It was a remark, I think, about what one of those sole,

flown across the Atlantic to a New York restaurant, would fetch that started us talking about the vagaries of fishing. Presently our conversation was interrupted, for two men in the boat which lay below the pier were preparing to hand up a huge steel drum. Laboriously they hoisted it on their shoulders, and their colleague on the pier grasped it, holding the rim with his thumbs and forefingers. Slowly he raised it—a foot, two feet, now almost to the level of the dock. We held our breath while he struggled to lift to safety a weight which was never designed to be handled by thumbs and fingers.

Suddenly, with a crash and a shout of warning, the great drum fell. The men below hurled themselves, by inches, out of its path, and as the clattering echo died away, there was a minute of tense silence. Everyone has seen incidents like this, and knows how instinctive, if short-lived, is the burst of vituperation which naturally follows.

Almost with embarrassment we waited. But to our amazement we realized that these incredible men were doubled up with mirth. In a moment the harbor was filled with the sounds of their laughter—a lusty, crude, defiant laughter, born of strength and vitality. The sound of it, the hoots and hollers echoing off the waters, rings still in my ears, for of all human sounds it is surely the most reassuring.

People on bicycles naturally gravitate toward rivers. The hills of the Ardennes are lovely, and the views from their crests enchanting. But legs that are no longer young proclaim as an eternal verity that a hill is just as lovely from its foot; and if the valley affords no breath-taking sweep of countryside, there is something just as rewarding—a quiet intimacy, the lazy ease of meadows basking in the sunlight. It is this charm, I expect, that has made the rivers of Belgium and Luxemburg so cherished—not the great rivers of commerce, but the gentle, dreaming streams that twist, with placid insistence, through the hills. Their names make a kind of pastoral poetry—the Amblève and the Sûre, the Lesse and the Alzette, and the sinuous Semois. To follow these streams on a summer afternoon, when the smell of hay mingles with the scent of pine and fir, where the silence is disturbed only by the murmur of insects and the bronzy clank of a distant cowbell, is an experience in tranquillity not soon forgotten.

A Moment of Temptation

It was the Semois, that most winding and contorted of Belgian rivers, that provided the setting, one hot July day, for a conversation which stands out with delicious clarity in my memory. We had been following an uncertain path along its banks, a path that sometimes left the river to climb steeply through the woods, until it emerged again on another bend of the stream.

The great advantage, of course, of traveling by bicycle is that one may succumb to temptation with the minimum of inconvenience, and, since one rarely has a fixed schedule, a minimum of remorse. In two minutes, our shoes and socks disposed of, we were knee-deep in the stream. While we were standing there, luxuriating in the shock of icy water, an old peasant on the far bank stooped over, removed his sabots, and gravely waded out to us. And there in midstream, our toes curling around the slippery stones for a foothold, while the July sun poured its beneficence on our heads, we talked. It was as pure a pleasure, that ten-minute chat with the water splashing at our legs, as that provided by a piece of music.

As we talked, a boy appeared silently around a wooded point, casting in the shallow pools for trout. Two men drifted toward us in a rubber foldboat, bumping from one rock to another with an enthusiasm that seemed strangely out of accord with their jerky progress. And one somehow took heart that a land and a people so recently burdened, in a world still haunted by fear, could so calmly return to the simple, homely joys that will outlast ideologies and wear down dynasties, and will some day, one may hope, symbolize a peaceful and confident world.

These rivers are the playgrounds of Belgian youth. Along their banks, toward evening, tents spring up like mushrooms, and campfires make luminous holes in the dusk. On the roads you meet the campers, clad in brick-colored shorts, returning from the nearest village, balancing on their handlebars great slabs of bread. As you pass, singing your greeting, you feel a moment of envy for their carefree simplicity—in your own sack you have two neckties and a can of shoe polish as concessions to propriety.

But the feeling disappears as you wind up the hill and into the town which will shelter you for the night. For the hotel lights are gleaming, and the beds are soft, and your efforts to become reasonably presentable are rewarded by a look of unutterable relief and gratitude on the part of the manager.

Your dinner will begin with a steaming soup in which the virtues of an entire garden are compounded, and, if you are lucky, may end with an *omelette soufflé* which embraces the virtues of an entire civilization. Later you will stroll down to the wooden trestle which has replaced the stone bridge destroyed in the fighting. A new stone bridge, you will notice, is in process of erection, a bridge which, like the new houses springing up in the town, will endure 500 years, provided only that the human race will learn to control its passions.

As the darkness falls, no neon lights are distorted in the surface of the river gliding beneath your feet. On the hill above, the old chateau, for there is always an old chateau, presides with decrepit dignity. Slowly, calmly, as it has for so many generations, the village gathers itself together. In the distance a radio is tuned to one of those impossibly nervous French popular songs, agitated and frenetic.

But from where you stand, by the ruins of the old bridge and above the patiently-laid foundations of the new, the muffled sound is no more discordant, no more unnatural than the sound of a baby crying. It cannot prevail. It will stop soon.

Belgium Wakes the Congo

By R. J. H. COLARD

Attaché for Belgian Congo Affairs, Belgian Consulate General in New York.

THE Congo River in a great looping semi-circle embraces the river jungle and plateau savannah of the Belgian Congo, which is nearly as big (940,000 square miles) and as populous (14,000,000) as Argentina. Big ships can go only 90 miles up the Congo, to Matadi. Some 200 miles upstream and 800 feet straight up, past a series of cataracts, comes Stanley Pool. On its opposite shores are Brazzaville, sleepy capital of French Equatorial Africa, and Leopoldville, the humming, modern capital of the Belgian Congo. Here the sons of cannibal chiefs wearing tribal tattoos are skilled laboratory technicians, bookkeepers, telegraphers, mathematicians, electricians. To the amazement of white men, it has been discovered that the learning abilities of Congolese Negroes shame those of most white men. Soldiers memorize the entire manual of arms in Bangala. Bushmen memorize large parts of the Bible by ear and like to pretend they know how to read, while holding the Bible upside down.

Centered at Leopoldville and spreading all through the Congo, a black proletariat has been developed in half a century. A single language, Bangala, has tended to unify the warring, polylingual tribes. Mass education, rather than university training for a few elite chiefs, has been given the people. In one year half the total population voluntarily applied at medical posts for treatment. The tsetse fly still spreads sleeping sickness, clouds of locusts still consume the crops, termites still raise their great mounds in the highways. But leprosy and sleeping sickness have been largely eliminated and the real war goes on against the others: malaria, typhus, relapsing fever, yellow fever, filariosis, elephantiasis, syphilis, dysentery, tuberculosis and plague.

A railroad connects Leopoldville with the ocean port of Matadi. The railways are run by the Negroes, in marked contrast to South Africa. In Leopoldville, over 30,000 Negroes are employed in commerce and industry.

The city would seem incredible to a Northerner. American cars speed along its wide, concrete avenues and whites and blacks throng its modern buildings, department stores, hotels and tearooms. Some drink tea but more drink the strong Congo coffee. On the outskirts one hears the musical laughter of Negresses and the crowing of the wiry little jungle roosters that can fight off a big hawk.

And not far off an absolute tribal king reigns with his chief advisers, the official sculptor, the official historian, the overseer of royal wives and the punisher of disobedient women. The king must never touch foot to ground, or speak while holding a knife or eat before women.

But in Leopoldville are hospitals, schools, churches, a very active Chamber of Commerce, a museum of Negro art, a public library, a zoo, banks, a brewery and bottle works, shipyards, spinning mills and workshops. For diversion there are a theatre, two movie houses, social clubs, swimming pools, athletic fields, a golf course, tennis courts, and two riding clubs. As yet there is no night club but that will come.

Above Leopoldville the Congo is navigable for nearly a thousand miles, to Stanleyville. Transport is by 1000-ton barges hauled by sternwheelers.

Air travel is based on Leopoldville's airport. Belgian, American, Dutch and Portuguese planes land at N'Dolo. New York is only three days away by air, via Monrovia, Lisbon and the Azores. Brussels is a 24-hour trip, Stanleyville only six hours.

The flight to Stanleyville, situated on the Equator in the northeastern part of the Congo, passes over the Equatorial Province, whose capital, Coquilhatville, on the river, numbers 600 whites. It is a garden city, like Stanleyville, whose white population is over 2000. The Equatorial Province is essentially agricultural. It produces rubber, palm oil, coffee, cacao, and, in particular, copal, used in making varnish. The climate is hot and humid.

At Yangambi, 50 miles downstream from Stanleyville, is located the principal center of INEAC (*Institut National pour l'Etude Agronomigue du Congo Belge*) founded to promote the scientific development of agriculture.

Stanleyville is the capital of the Eastern Province. It is one of the prettiest cities in the Congo and many of the leading mining, commercial and agricultural firms have their offices in Stanleyville.

Stanley Falls, above the city, puts a stop to navigation. The intrepid Wagenia have established fisheries which, together with the Arabized villages and the falls of the Tshopo, are one of the tourist attractions.

Among the leading products of the province, cotton, rice, "Robusta" coffee, and perfume plants must be mentioned. Gold and diamonds are found in the north.

From Stanleyville, an 840-mile road—in this country of lost horizons, distances do not count—leads to Costermansville on Lake Kivu, at an altitude of 4,788 feet. This road

crosses a large part of the impressive tropical forest of Ituri, inhabited by several tribes of pygmies. The men, who are daring hunters, are rarely over 4.9 feet tall, while the women average 4.3 feet. It was in this same forest that the okapi, that rare animal, a mixture of zebra, giraffe, and antelope, was discovered at the beginning of the century.

Beyond Irumu, the road enters "Albert National Park," established to protect the fauna and flora. The region is utterly beautiful. On a clear day, one can see the summits of the Ruwenzori range (16,790 feet high) which, although situated on the Equator, are covered with perpetual snows.

The Congo is hunting country par excellence. There are to be found elephants, buffaloes, lions, leopards, hyenas, zebras, hippopotami, various species of antelopes, monkeys, wild pigs, crocodiles, and birds of prey.

Costermansville, capital of Kivu, is the Congo's great tourist center. It is constantly increasing in importance, and is equipped with good hotels.

The *Institut pour la Recherche Scientifique en Afrique Centrale* (IRSAC) has its headquarters here. The climate is very mild throughout this rich and picturesque section of Africa and the region is favorable for colonization.

The ores mined here are tin, under the form of cassiterite, gold, tungsten, and tantalum, used in the electrical industry. Precious stones are also found.

From Costermansville, Usumbura on Lake Tanganyika is reached either by plane or by a tortuous road about 110 miles long. Usumbura is the administrative capital of the Ruanda-Urundi territories under the United Nations trusteeship, inhabited by the majestic Watutsi of Hamitic origin. They comprise the nobility and governing class of the country. They are marvelous dancers, and some of their rhythmic dances have recently been filmed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for the Technicolor *King Solomon's Mines.*

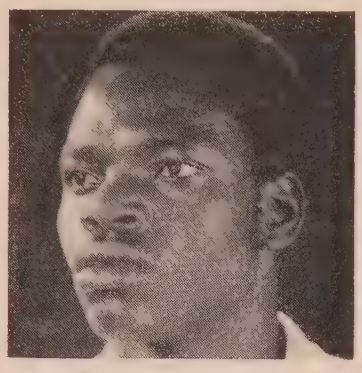
In a few hours, the plane, after having flown over Lake Tanganyika, which reaches a depth of some 4,707 feet, and Manono, the tin center of Africa, deposits us in Elisabethville, capital of the extremely rich Katanga mining region.

Elisabethville is the second most important city in the Belgian Congo. Like Leopoldville, it has very modern buildings: general and maternity hospitals, schools, hotels, churches, a synagogue, offices. Industrial and commercial operations there are highly developed: quarries, metallurgical workshops, brick works, saw mills, breweries, soap works, printing shops, oil works.

It is inhabited by over 7,000 whites, 2,000 of whom are non-Belgians who, from the commercial, industrial, and juridical standpoint, are on a footing of absolute equality

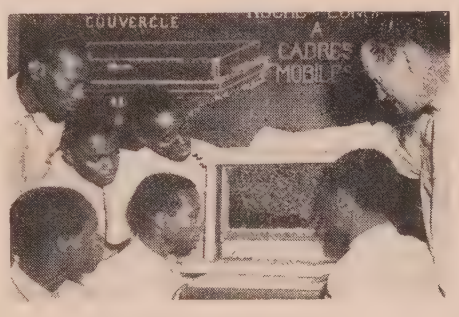
RADIO: Pauline Lisanga, native commentator on Belgian Congo Radio.

INDUSTRY: Huge oil refinery at Binga Lisala, Mongana, amid palms.



ART: Jan Bata, Congolese painter, a poet of landscape interpretation.

HEALTH: Social Services, Leopoldville, provide consultations.



AGRICULTURE: Native students engrossed in the culture of bees.

EDUCATION: Sewing lessons by the Social Services in Leopoldville.

POWER: Modern hydroelectric plant provides Congo with energy.

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Belgium Wakes Congo *continued*

with the Belgians, as everywhere else in the Belgian Congo.

The natives residing in the region are, for the most part, employed by the *Union Minière du Haut-Katanga,* the largest of the African companies. In 1949, this company exported 155,-100 short tons of copper and more than 8,800 short tons of granulated cobalt and cobaltiferous alloys. It is the leading producer of uranium ore and radium ore in the world. The mining concessions it exploits rationally also contain gold, silver and zinc.

Another important company in Katanga is *Géomines* which, in the Manono region, works the rich stanniferous deposits with their high grade of tin. Its extraction is completely mechanized.

The high plateaus of the southeast enjoy a moderate climate. They are well suited to colonization. Market garden products are cultivated, and there are many orchards.

The sixth province of the Belgian Congo, Kasaï, is favorable for agriculture. The natives plant manioc, peanuts, cotton, and, in particular, corn.

Kasaï is also the diamond center of the Congo. The *Forminière,* established in 1906, exploits a vast territory. The Congo is the foremost producer of industrial diamonds in the world; it ranks second, after South Africa, in the production of diamonds for jewelry.

Again, it is in Kasaï, in Mushenge, that Lukengo, the great king of the Bakuba, resides. The Bakuba are excellent blacksmiths and skillful sculptors. They are famous also as weavers of "Kasaï velvet."

The Kwango district, farther west, is the area where the Elaeis palm tree is principally found. The *Huileries du Congo Belge,* a member of the Lever Bros. chain, has set up huge plantations and raised modern mechanical oil works. Last year, the Congo exported 132,000 short tons of palm oil with a slight acid content and 88,000 tons of palm almonds whose oil is used in the manufacture of margarine and fine soaps.

Observant and impartial travelers in the Congo during recent years—let us mention Tom Marvel, the journalist, Martin Flavin, the writer, and Dr. Davis, a Protestant missionary, all three Americans—are keenly aware that Belgium is unsparing in its efforts to help the 14,000,000 natives of Central Africa attain a higher moral and material standard, and that it thereby amply justifies its presence in Africa.

Of course, there are things yet to be done—much to be achieved. For this reason, the Government, alive to its obligations, has decided to devote millions of dollars, during the next few years, to the betterment of public health, the development of education, the mechanization of native agriculture and the perfecting of the means of production.

In the medical plan, the program provides especially for "the hospital equipment for 29 large centers. In each territory—and there are about 200 of them—the capital and, fairly often, a subsidiary station, will be equipped with a modern hospital. This will necessitate improvements in 50 territorial hospitals and the creation of 43 new hospitals. This program also includes the foundation and improvement of laboratories and of dispensaries, the financing of great medico-social works and campaigns against epidemics."[1]

In the educational plan, the program provides for improvement in educational methods and a considerable increase in the number of schools, especially the establishment of eight schools of higher education.

As Pierre Ryckmans, Belgian delegate to the Trusteeship Council, has said, if Belgium is a leader in Africa, it is for the purpose of serving civilization and guiding backward peoples, with wisdom, toward an autonomous government based on Christian and democratic principles.

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[1] Pierre Wigny—*Plan Décennal pour le Dévelopement Economique et Social du Congo Belge.*

The Miracle of Belgium

By MAURICE HEYNE

Minister, Commercial Counselor,
Belgian Embassy, Washington

INDUSTRIALLY, Belgium is a conversion country. Before the war, 55 per cent of her imports were in raw materials, 20 per cent in food products, and only 23 per cent in finished goods. On the other hand, 50 per cent of Belgian exports were in finished manufactures.

This characteristic of the economy was revived after the war. By 1949, 66 per cent of exports were in finished goods. This indicates the dependence of the prosperity of Belgium on the expansion of her own foreign trade, and on international commerce in general.

At the end of the war, Belgium was confronted with a great challenge, which she went about meeting with courage and hard work. Much of her equipment had been destroyed, or transferred to Germany. What remained was mostly worn out.

Strenuous efforts toward recovery were made, the results of which astonished those who witnessed it, to such an extent that it was spoken of as the "Miracle of Belgium."

By 1948, our industrial production had reached its pre-war level, and in some sectors of the economy had even surpassed it.

It was at this moment that the generous Marshall Plan intervened.

In the course of the first two years of ECA operation, Belgium received $3,000,000 in direct aid (which only recently has been utilized, in part, for purposes of research in industrial and agricultural productivity); $50,000,000 in loans; and $447,000,000 in conditional aid, which has been made available to other European nations in the form of drawing rights.

As of 1949, as indicated in the table below, Belgium's over-all balance of trade had been virtually restored to the pre-war level:

Belgian-Luxembourg Economic Union

Value of Foreign Trade
(In Millions of francs)

	1936–38 (average)	1947	1948	1949	1950 (4 mos.)
Imports	24.2	85.6	87.5	81.7	28.6
Exports	22.3	61.7	74.1	79.8	26.5
Balance	–1.9	–23.9	–13.4	–1.9	–2.1
% Exports to Imp.	92.1	72.1	84.7	97.7	92.7

The origin and destination of trade, however, have undergone a great change. Trade between the United States and Belgium has greatly expanded in post-war years as shown below. At the same time the ratio of exports to imports has decreased from a nine to one ratio in 1947 to about two and a third to one in the first seven months of 1950.

Trade with the US

(In Thousands of Dollars)

Year	*Belgian Exports to the U.S.*	*U.S. Exports to Belgium*
1936–39 average	$59,737	$ 73,924
1947	56,594	519,861
1948	90,891	304,057
1949	95,331	301,189
1st 6 mo. 1950	58,816	140,824
July 1950	10,432	21,057
7 months 1950	69,248	161,881

These figures give an idea of the dollar problem for Belgium. Before the war, Germany was the leading supplier, as well as a primary market for Belgian products. Eastern European countries were very important for food supply. The decrease in imports from these countries was from 6.9 per cent in the 1936-38 period to 1.2 per cent of total imports in 1949.

After the liberation, when there was an urgent need to replenish supplies, and to renew industrial equipment, there was no other country but the United States which was able to deliver these materials.

Thus, Belgium is more dependent on the United States than formerly, although she has always been a purchaser of a large amount of United States manufactured goods.

Although in the last three years, the balance of trade between the United States and Belgium has greatly improved, there is still a trade deficit close to $200,000,000.

In the view of the Belgian government, the solution of this problem lies not in contraction, but in expansion of Belgian trade with the United States. Along such a path only can Belgium continue to buy what America produces.

Belgians feel certain that if America knew better the products they manufacture, the problem of the dollar gap would be solved. That is the purpose of the trade exhibits which are opening on the Pacific Coast, which follow similar exhibits established in the Middle West a year ago.

The exhibits feature products for which a special effort is being made for introduction to the American market.

I. *Iron and Steel.* Among Belgian

Miracle of Belgium *continued*

export products, iron and steel have always represented a leading share. They are well known all over the world.

In 1949, and the first six months of 1950, production was 110 per cent of the base period, 1936-1938, which represents an average of 300,000 tons a month.

Pig iron produced in Belgium is almost completely absorbed by the Belgian steel works.

Belgian steel production reached 4,000,000 tons of ingot in 1948, representing more than 2 per cent of world output. Practically no raw steel is exported, however. Like pig iron, most of the production goes to the rolling mills to be transformed into semi-manufactures, such as blooms, billets and flat bars and finished products, such as merchant steel, gilders, rails, sheets, and so on.

The rolling mills absorb not only Belgian steel production but also half-finished products from Luxembourg. Of the total Belgian-Luxembourg output, Luxembourg supplies about one-third.

Basic slags, a by-product of steelworks, are used for fertilizer, and exported in quantity.

Equipment is amongst the best in the world. It includes 18 pig-iron mixers, 57 convertors, 29 open-hearth furnaces, and 11 electric furnaces. More than 170 mill-trains are utilized. Total capacity amounts to more than 4,000,000 tons of finished and half-finished steel.

Because of the exceptionally large demand today for domestic use as well as for export, Belgian production is being stepped up to maximum output.

II. *Textile Industry*. The textile industry plays an extremely important part in the industrial activity of the country. It includes every known kind of textile fiber. Endowed with modern equipment and with workers who have benefited from centuries of tradition, this industry is one of the most comprehensive trades in Belgium. With its various branches it employs about 240,000 workers. It stands second among Belgium's export industries.

In the production of yarns, jute products are the most important, followed by wool, cotton, rayon and linen. With respect to the production of clothing, cotton is the most important, followed by jute, wool, rayon and linen.

In addition to the beautiful handmade and manufactured Belgian laces, other finished products include cotton and wool blankets; cotton and wool carpets, known for their design, color, and lasting quality; heavy goods for men's wear and light materials for ladies' wear. Every kind of linen is manufactured.

An important branch of the textile industry is knitted goods. It is equipped with approximately 33,000 production and finishing machines. Among the products made by some 600 manufacturers are knitted wearing apparel, hosiery, underwear, knitted gloves.

III. *Metal-Working Industry*. This industry, representing more than 2500 factories and workshops, employed in 1948 an average of 190,000 people. Since that time, there has been a decrease in production, reducing employment to 150,000.

The variety of metal products—which account for not less than 17 per cent of total exports—range from a simple shoe-nail to a ship.

The main groups of products are the following:

a. Steel castings and cast iron.

b. Wire drawing, cold-rolling and by-products, such as nails, cramps, wire tacks, screws, staples, barbed wire, metallic ropes, springs.

c. Forging, drop-forging, and heavy stamping, including vanadium chrome tools, springs for rolling stock, strip iron, tubes and chains.

d. Sheet-iron works and various metal manufactures, such as metallic casks, barrels, tools, household and sanitary articles.

e. Bridges, structural steelworks, and heavy boilers.

f. Ship building.

g. Railway stocks. The production capacity is estimated at about 2,000 railway carriages monthly.

h. Trucks, bicycles, and motorcycles.

i. Driving engines.

j. Machine tools and miscellaneous machines.

k. Hoisting, handling and weighing equipment.

l. Electrotechnical engineering, including dynamos, alternators, large and small engines of a fraction of horse-power.

m. Precision instruments for laboratories and physics.

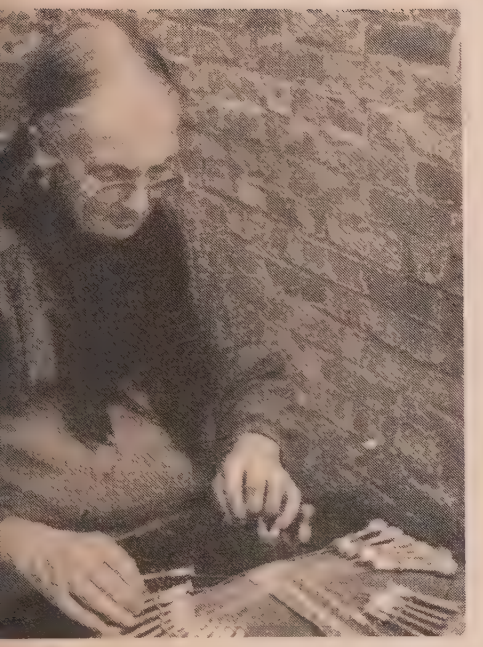
n. Arms. This specialty of Liège has a worldwide reputation, especially for hunting guns.

IV. *Chemicals*. The Belgian chemical industry has made outstanding progress during the last few years. The range of manufactured products has greatly increased. Miscellaneous products of the chemical industry include industrial fats, glues and gelatins, pigments, paints, varnishes, and mastics, matches, photographic products, powders and explosives; and pharmaceutical products.

V. *Glass Industry*. Purity of raw materials, largely supplied by the Belgian soil, together with highly skilled labor whose traditions go back to the fifteenth century, are factors which enter into the high reputation of the Belgian glass industry.

VI. *Ceramics*. The origin of the Belgian ceramic industry reaches back into antiquity. Today there are about 250 firms, employing many artists and 15,000 workers.

The ceramics industry includes refractory bricks, castings, foundry crucibles, and many other products for industrial use, as well as stone-



THE NIMBLE fingers of grandmother perpetuate the fine art of lacemaking

COAL and miners (wearing sabots) are the mainstay of Belgian heavy industry

ware, paving flags, tiles of all kinds for building purposes. In addition, of course, there are *objets d'art* and luxurious tableware which are among the most exquisite products of Belgian art.

VII. *Cement Industry.* This industry consists of about 40 concerns which manufacture natural and artificial cement, as well as special products such as sulphatic cement, and white Portland cement.

Production capacity amounts to 5 million tons, including 4 million tons of artificial Portland cement.

VIII. *Non-ferrous Metals.* The non-ferrous metal industry consists of first and second fusion of raw metals, and manufactures by mechanical and melting processes. The production of this industry is mostly for export.

This includes zinc, in which Belgium ranks third after the United States and Canada, copper, lead, tin, and other metals, among which are cobalt, which Belgium alone produces on a large scale, antimony, nickel, and also radium.

IX. *Coal.* Coal is Belgium's only natural resource. It has been extracted for centuries. It is now necessary in the "Old Basin" to descend almost a mile, whereas formerly the coal was level with the ground. The "New Basin" reached an industrial stage after the first world war.

Although coal provides the fuel for Belgium's basic industries, it is also an export commodity, even to the United States. Twenty-seven million tons were produced in 1947.

Next to heavy industry, consumers' goods and products of Belgian handskills are of paramount importance in the country's export trade. The most important categories are the following:

• *Woodworking.* More than 60,000 people are engaged in the modest workshops of the wood-carver, the cabinet maker, the wood-turner, the basket maker, as well as in modern factories making furniture, brushes, toys, musical instruments, tennis rackets and other articles for sport.

It should never be lost sight of that craftsmanship, born of age-old traditions, reflects itself in manufactured products as well as handmade articles. The arts of woodcarving and the skills of tapestry weavers combine in the making of upholstered furniture.

• *Leather Goods.* The manufactured products of this industry include gloves, morocco goods, shoes, of which 25 million pairs of shoes and slippers are produced annually, and hats. The hat industry exports 90 per cent of its output.

In connection with leather goods, of course, is the hide industry, which includes small hides and dyed rabbit skins.

• *Paper and Bookbinding.* The paper industry manufactures the whole range of usual papers. An important item for export is photographic paper. Book production in Belgium is especially devoted to art books, de luxe editions, Bibles and prayer books in every language.

• *Handicrafts.* Handicrafts include tapestries, copperware, lacework, china and ceramics, stained glass windows, and so on. Astonishing as it might seem, new crafts arise with new materials, and new processes. Thus wrought iron, the engraving industries, ceramics and pottery have taken a new lease on life, and stained glass has had a remarkable revival in Belgium. In tapestry, new forms met the requirements of a technique which, in the main, has not varied. Lacemaking, of course, is still the outstanding handicraft industry of Belgium.

By far the greatest part of all these industries, it can be seen, are the values created by the skills of the Belgian people, whose acquaintance with industry goes back six hundred years. But in conclusion it may be added that Belgium also exports a few raw materials. These include, besides coal, nursery plants, chicory, endive and of course the famous Belgian horses, the heavy Percherons that once carried the knights of the Order of the Golden Fleece.

THE CASTLE of Vianden, cradle of the Orange family, retains its proud ramparts

Grandeur, Pocket Edition

By H. R. MADOL

Author, "All About Belgium & Luxembourg"
To be published by Duell, Sloan and Pearce

An enthusiast once said that in Luxembourg nature's great tome is condensed into a pocket volume, that here are her "selected works." And anyone who knows Luxembourg can testify that nowhere else, within the space of a mere thousand square miles, is it possible to find such a rich and lovely succession of hills and valleys, of mountain gorges and gently undulating plains, of streams rushing through wilderness and past peaceful orchards. Among them, vineyards overhang rivers, fine farmlands lead to quaint old towns, impressive abbeys, noble castles and churches, chapels and cathedrals. The charming capital city towers on the rock, its modern boulevards extending across bridges which span deep chasms.

And were it a matter of ten thousand, nay, a hundred thousand square miles, you could still not find a people friendlier, more hospitable and easier to get on with. Small though this country is, there is nothing dwarfed in its existence, no apparent shortcomings, no grounds for feelings of inferiority.

The thousand years of its struggle for nationhood are the proud record of a people defending its liberty and way of life, and surely democracy should not be measured by size and power but by its achievements for the people. To have thrown back the foreign rule imposed by wave after wave of invaders, to have emerged free, when all those mighty empires came to nothing, makes a common destiny, a common remembrance of suffering together, which has united them and developed a character quite distinct from the great neighbor peoples.

Whether you wander along one of the picturesque tourist footpaths or motor over well-kept and clearly signposted roads, from the Ardennes to the Moselle, through fertile lowlands or high forest, you will find that *"grace and grandeur"* which were extolled by Goethe. You will gaze with awe upon the romantic rocks of its fastness (once Europe's strongest fortress), as depicted by Turner, and ponder before the ruins of Vianden's feudal magnificence, sung by Victor Hugo.

When the Imperial capital at Treves was only a few miles away, Roman pleasure-seekers built lovely villas all along the Luxembourg rivers and their poets sang the merits of the local wine. When they left, this strip of land dividing East and West became a bloodsodden battleground, an acre not hallowed to God but to the idol of material power; for almost a millennium the Luxembourgers fought off aggression.

Yet since the 13th century, people came in their hundred thousands on pious pilgrimages to Echternach, to the tomb of St. Wilibrord, the apostle of Christianity in these regions, humble people, Holy Roman Emperors, famous noblemen and the many anonymous sufferers from dread diseases. Their "dancing procession" takes place at Whitsuntide, in the rhythm of the traditional music, taking five steps ahead and three steps back. The singing and dancing crowds parade through the streets, cross the bridge, approach the Basilica and finally enter the church and pass the Saint's tomb. Afternoon and evening pass in vivid scenes of public rejoicings.

Five steps ahead and three steps back are characteristic of the Luxembourgers. For centuries they were poor peasant people, trying to win a scant livelihood from the soil, claimed from the dense forest which almost entirely covered the country.

Only toward the second half of the 19th century was a way found to use the poorer native iron-ore for steel-making and prosperity came to the Grand Duchy. Steel mills sprang up, of giant size, their output making Luxembourg rank with the half dozen biggest producers of steel in the world. There came another peaceful invasion, one of skilled and unskilled workmen for the new mining and milling industry and the new Romans were able to set up in the fine capital city of industrial Luxembourg, Esch-sur-Alzette, an entire quarter of the town, called "Little Italy."

Ever since the linking of Luxembourg with railroad networks abroad made necessary through modern developments, tourists have come to the Grand Duchy in ever-increasing numbers. After the ravages of the Rundstedt offensive and the end of the last war, after a rapid re-construction, congresses, conventions, conferences of international character, crowded into a town ideally situated for such purpose.

There is an interdependence between people's philosophy and way of life and the landscape in which they grow up. One can easily see and say that in Luxembourg they fit each other well. For their philosophy goes with progressiveness, their remembrance of hard struggle with much joy of life. Nature, which has drawn a line between the *Oesling* with its poorer soil of the Ardennes heights and the fertile lower regions of the *Goodland,* has given to each part its own characteristic beauty and has united the people in their common fate, to share all that is fine and lovely within their narrow frontiers. They want no more. Aggression has never come from inside the country.

There is the scenic beauty of the wide river valley with its distant views with the clean villages and the towns of Remich, Grevenmacher, Wormeldange, all around the miles of vineyards, where the grape ripens in the sun. Nearby is the Spa and park of Mondorf, a Karlsbad on a smaller scale, set in the greenery of the most peaceful of spots, near the French frontier.

Towards the other side, the Sure river throws its waters into the Moselle and there is Diekirch, a pleasant place for excursionists, and farther on, Echternach, right in the center of the romantic Muellerthal district. Farther still Clervaux with its famous Benedictine abbey and the castle of the De Lannoy family, the Delano ancestors of the Roosevelts. There is Vianden, cradle of the Orange and Nassau dynasties, Esch-in-the-hole, Wiltz, all within easy distance from Luxembourg City, the "Inner Gibraltar" of old, now the most peaceful of towns.

There are many contrasts, you may find, in such a rich landscape, which has formed these people, yet there is a reflection of all the various aspects noticeable in all of them; their combined effect is one of strong character. There are no contrasts of violent disproportion between rich and poor, between farming and industrial populations; education begins for all of them in the primary school. But the most typical of their attitudes is that of enjoying what they have, and of not wanting what is not theirs. (The whole people turned against territorial acquisitions, recently promised, though it was a question of lands once forcibly taken from them.) And that is the best basis for the rule of law, that one is content with one's station.

It would be easy to talk for hours of the material enjoyment of life, which comes natural to hardworking people, and which is hospitably offered to all the country's visitors. Gastronomic specialties, for instance, have a worldwide renown: the Moselle wine, the smoked Ardennes ham, fruity Mirabelle and Quetsch liquors, crayfish *à la Luxembourgeoise,* scented with herbs, cooked in the local dry wine. Racine, who accompanied Louis XIV to Luxembourg commented on those fine crayfish as a national glory of cookery.

The deep forest still abounds in wild boar, the streams teem with trout. A roast of *marcassin,* after a *truite au bleu,* taken on a terrace over the Moselle, with some of the golden, sparkling liquid which brings out the flavours, those are meals not easily forgotten. What a riches of fruit and vegetables, yet every garden has a plot for flowers. The rose is queen in a country which is famous for growing hardy rose plants and has exported millions of them throughout the world. Their luscious bloom sets off the white cleanliness of houses and streets which is almost a national virtue.

There can be no doubt, within their own limitations, which they have never failed to recognize, that the Luxembourgers have built a complete world, well ordered and harmonious. They had to work hard for everything besides this landscape; but the landscape has inspired them in their task.

LUXEMBOURG CITY, once an impregnable fort, today a gay peaceful capital

Three Flags — One Destiny

By THE EDITORS

SOMETHING as immense and revolutionary as federal union of all the democracies may have seen its small beginning in the economic union of Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxembourg. Benelux has its most poignant significance as an experimental model for a union that is open to examination by the rest of Europe and the world. Its problems and solutions are to be taken as neither more nor less easy than those of any union.

Harsh necessity forced the countries of Benelux to form an economic union. At the beginning of this year, their economic situation was serious and it was not likely to get any better. A Belgian-Luxembourg skilled worker or teacher earned the equivalent of about $20 a week. From this he paid 90¢ for a pound of beef or ham, 70¢ for a pound of cheese. A man's suit cost him $40, a bicycle (a virtual necessity) $60, a cheap radio $50. The Netherlands skilled worker earned even less, $15 a week. And from this he paid 47¢ for a pound of beef, 29¢ for a pound of cheese. The suit cost him only $14, the bicycle $23, the radio $21. The Dutch prices were lower than the Belgian, but actually the Netherlands was worse off. It had stiff rationing, high taxes and was obliged to subsidize producers. For the Netherlands is in general responsive to the economic condition of Germany, whereas Belgium depends more on France.

That these people should be in straits ranked as an outrageous injustice, for they comprise 19,000,000 of the smartest, most industrious and cleanest people in the world. It was not laziness that had brought them to this pass, but the inevitable extravagance of a small national sovereignty.

It would be hard to find anywhere on the surface of the earth 19,000,000 more useful people. Belgium and Luxembourg, which had had an economic union since 1919, were humming with the mining, processing and fabricating of steel into a thousand ingenious forms. Their tradition of working wool and flax went back to the Roman conquest, their laces and ceramics were famous in the early 16th Century and have not deteriorated today. For an example, their sporting guns are probably the most perfectly made in the world.

The Dutch, lacking minerals and a steel industry, have perfected an agriculture so intensive and efficient that a whole family subsists quite well on the produce of an acre and a quarter, which is less than the acreage required to feed a single American. Organized in some 4,000 co-operatives, the Dutch farmers know their business. They put into their soil three times as much phosphate-nitrogen-potash as the Germans, and 25 times as much as the American farmer. They not only feed the Dutch but export large quantities of vegetables, seeds, bulbs, seed potatoes and cheeses, notably Gouda and Edam.

Furthermore, these people are among the most highly educated in the world. Nearly everybody is literate. Most people speak two or three languages, including English. Superb technical schools instruct the young in industrial skills. Some of the most successful progressive schools in the world teach rich and poor children, including those of Queen Juliana of the Netherlands.

The universities are really universities. They have no dormitories or football schedules, nor do they admit students of dental hygiene, journalism, advertising, optometry or business administration. But they give an education that deserves the description "higher." The atmosphere of university towns is so classical that Dutch landladies put out signs which read, not "Rooms for Rent," but "*Cubicula locanda.*"

Certainly the cultures of all three countries have distinct and proud differences, which they will always cherish. They have evolved varying solutions from their position at the crossroads of French, German, Spanish and English history. Half the Belgians speak French, the other half Dutch, as do also the Dutch. Most Luxembourg newspapers are printed in both French and German but some use the Luxembourg language which is said to be more ancient than either French or Grman.

However, there is a good deal of logic behind the union of Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxembourg.

They share a common geographical situation along the lower courses and mouths of several river systems draining the continent into the North

Sea (Rhine, Maas, Scheld). The Netherlands are the low, flat delta. Belgium is the hill country behind it. Luxembourg is the inland fortress on the Moselle, its name indeed being derived from *Luclinburhuc*, meaning "little fortress."

They share a common history, which is more intelligibly told all together than separately. Most of the area was once owned by the Counts of Luxembourg, later by the Dukes of Burgundy and the Kings of Spain. Then and in Charlemagne's time it was in fact the cultural headquarters of North Europe. The present dynasties of the Netherlands and Luxembourg are distant cousins and dynastically almost interchangeable. The motto of the Prince of Wales, *Ich dien*, was borrowed from a blind, heroic Count of Luxembourg who died in the charge at Crécy. And the Dutch gave to the US such names as Brooklyn (from a town in Utrecht), Hudson and Presidents van Buren (from Buren) and Roosevelt (from Oud-Vossemeer).

The steps toward union have been described on an earlier page. The rate of exchange was fixed between the guilder (now worth 26¢) and the franc (2¢). Passports were abolished. Credits were granted mutually. A common tariff schedule was drawn up. When a trade treaty was contracted with Switzerland, all three did it together.

The main obstacle to complete economic union was the Netherlands position. It had a latent inflation, an artificial level of wages and prices and a huge deficit in its balance of payments. The Dutch made one more heroic effort. They reduced subsidies and rationing. They showed a rise in exports and a remarkable recovery of their merchant marine, as well as in the rebuilding of devastated Rotterdam.

Sectional interests fought union every step of the way, crying "Ruin." Belgian and Luxembourg farmers saw a threat in Dutch agricultural products which cost 30 per cent less, due to higher efficiencies. Small Dutch industries feared annihilation by Belgian mass production.

It is true that the economic union to be signed in December will not be complete. Restrictions on Dutch agricultural products will remain in force for some time. But the import fees will be divided between the Belgian and Netherlands governments. There will also be controls on the movement of capital, to protect the Dutch guilder. But such restrictions will be eliminated as early as possible.

Some time soon the area of 26,000 square miles will be as economically integrated as any other unified state. In an area larger than a union of Massachusetts-Connecticut-Rhode Island-New Hampshire or New Jersey-Delaware-Maryland, there will be one open, duty-free market for goods and services. No one doubts that the people of Benelux will live better than did formerly the divided peoples of Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxembourg. And some look forward to a day when Benelux will move on toward union of armies and navies, mail services, foreign relations, and federal taxation. Under three national traditions, three flags, three dynasties, they will go forward together as one free union.

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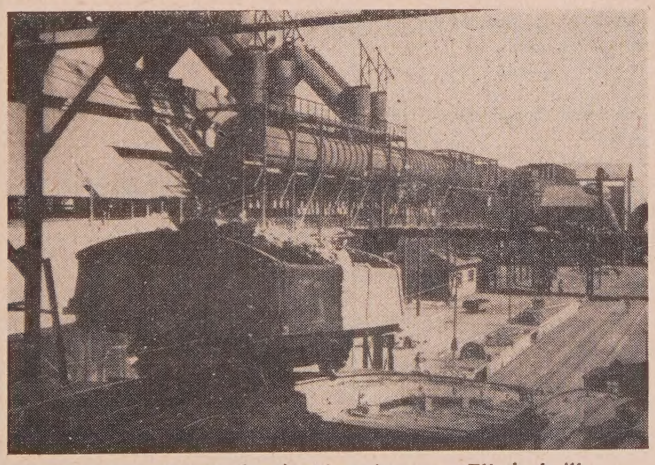

Part view of the Lubumbashi smelter, near Elisabethville.

The Union Minière produces

Copper-cobalt-zinc concentrates
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Three Governments at a Glance

	KINGDOM OF BELGIUM	KINGDOM OF THE NETHERLANDS	GRAND DUCHY OF LUXEMBOURG
Form of Government	Constitutional Monarchy	Constitutional Monarchy	Constitutional Monarchy
Present Ruler	Prince Royal Baudouin as Regent	Queen Juliana	Grand Duchess Charlotte
Type of Government	*Parliamentary:* Ministers are appointed by ruler, but are responsible to both houses of parliament for all their acts.	*Parliamentary:* Prime Minister, designated by ruler, appoints other ministers to form Cabinet. Cabinet must have support of a majority in the lower house of parliament to remain in power.	*Parliamentary:* Same as Netherlands.
Legislative Power	Vested in Parliament, composed of: Chamber of Deputies, with 202 members elected directly by the voters. Senate, with 170 members, of which 101 elected directly by voters, others elected indirectly by provinces and by the Senate. Both houses may introduce legislation and approval of both is required to make law.	Vested in Parliament, called the "States General." Lower House, with 100 members, is elected directly by voters. This House *alone* has power to initiate legislation. Upper House, with 50 members, is elected by Provincial States. It has advisory and investigative functions only.	Vested in Parliament, composed of: Chamber of Deputies, with 51 members elected directly by the voters. The chamber of Deputies *alone* has power to initiate legislation. Council of State, with 15 members, appointed by ruler for life terms. It has advisory functions only, but may delay the passage of legislation.
Executive Power	Exercised by the Cabinet in the name of the ruler.	same	same
Political Party Now in Power	The Christian Social Party (105) (Catholic)	Multi-party Coalition	Christian Socialist Party (26)
The other major parties (party strength in lower house is indicated)	Socialist (66) Liberal (29) Communist (12)	*Catholic People's Party (32) *Labor Party (27) *People's Party for Freedom and Democracy (8) *Christian Historical Union (9) Anti-Revolutionary Party (13) Communist Party (8) All others (3)	Socialist Party (20) Communist Party (5)
Present government leaders	M. Joseph Pholien, Prime Minister (Christian Socialist)	Dr. W. Drees, Prime Minister (Labor Party)	M. Pierre Dupong, Prime Minister (Christian Socialist)

*Parties now in coalition cabinet

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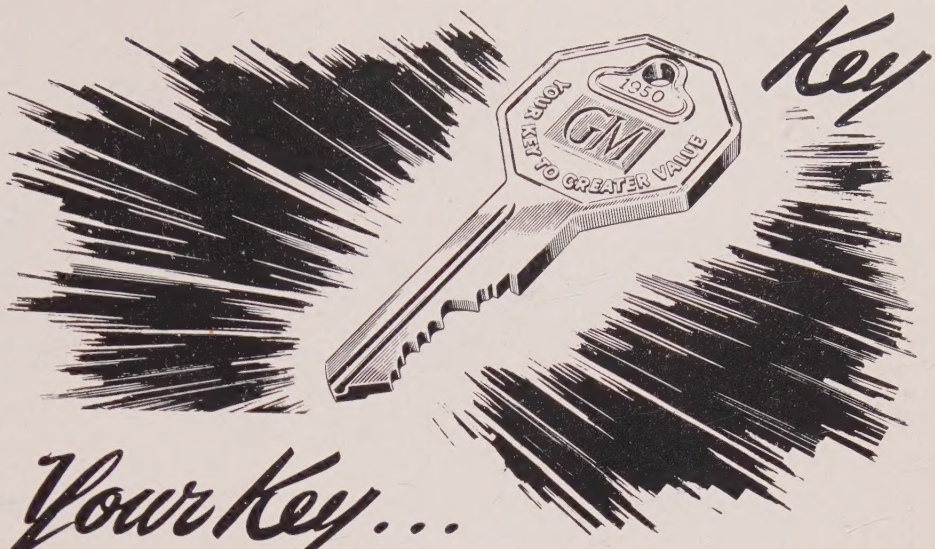
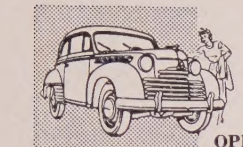
The GENERAL MOTORS Key





OPEL

VAUXHALL

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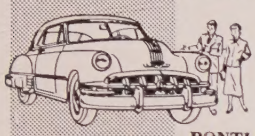

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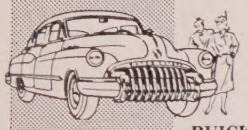

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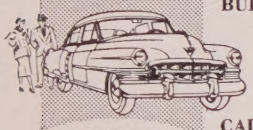
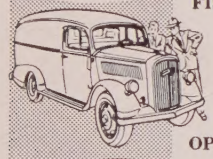


CADILLAC

FISHER



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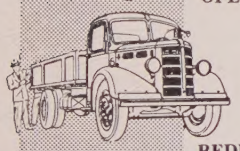

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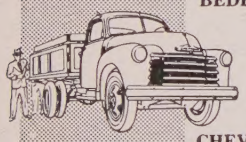
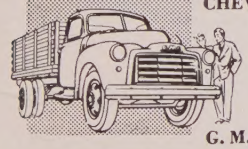


CHEVROLET



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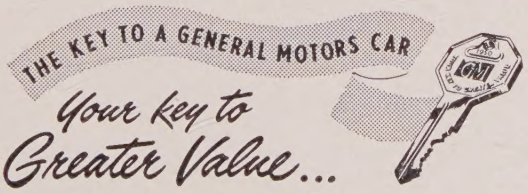

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